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ENCOUNTER

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As the external world becomes more menacing, they become ever more dogmatic and orthodox in the rules they lay down for this inner life shut away from outward events.

But a world divided between outward ruins and dogmatic inner lives is a gloomy place. We miss the renascence ghost prompting us to put on a jester's cap and bells and make of architecture a frozen dance. Without it, we are hollow men fabricating dreams within a prison reality. In our tombs, even the faintest sigh from the renascence ghost is music.

SUCH a sigh drifted over the other day from one of our critics, addressing among others the editors of ENCOUNTER. He wrote: "Among the younger writers especially there is a profound feeling that amounts almost to knowledge that a literary renaissance *is* about to take place, or *is* taking place now, in Britain."

Well, if there truly are young artists (for writers are not enough; there must be architects and painters as well) preparing a renascence, what would we wish them?

First, that they will refuse to be intimidated by the threat of universal disaster. Even if civilisation is going to end soon, that is no reason for abandoning the long effort of art. Moreover, living art may even exercise a slight tendency to prolong its own environment, just as a civilisation without art creates a dreadful silence, as if waiting to be destroyed.

Secondly, we hope they remember that the idea of a renascence, though expressed by individuals with a personal passion, is also social. It aims at transforming the outward living scene, the Modern City, and not just at creating the interior world of "cerebral" art.

What we need today, more urgently than a whole summer of an Elizabethan age, are a few nourishing ghosts: a few people who will insist that externals influenced by envisioned (even illusory) pasts are more important to civilisation than well-ordered internal consolations; a few who say: bless externals, and damn, for the time being, musical boxes and cork-lined interiors. We need to be reminded that the Modern City, which has lots of concert performances of great music, and no great modern architecture, is like a hyper-sensitive soul in a dying body.

Present circumstances can be turned to the transcendent purposes of those who thrust their vision against events, so long as they do not allow themselves to be hypnotised by the mesmeric glare of bombs going off in deserts.

Stephen Spender

DYLAN THOMAS *1914–1953*

THE death of Dylan Thomas, at the age of 39, is a tragic loss. In an early number of ENCOUNTER, we shall publish a collection of memoirs and appreciations by his contemporaries. On the back of this page we print from his *Collected Poems*—with the permission of J. M. Dent and Sons—a poem which can serve, in a sense, as Dylan Thomas' epitaph: "Do not go gentle into that good night."

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Do not go gentle into that good night

Do NOT go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words has forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

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Robert Graves

Juana Inés de la Cruz

EVERY few centuries a woman of poetic genius appears, who may be distinguished by three clear secondary signs: learning, beauty, and loneliness. Though the burden of poetry is difficult enough for a man to bear, he can always humble himself before an incarnate Muse and seek instruction from her. At the worst this Muse, whom he loves in a more than human sense, may reject and deceive him; and even then he can vent his disillusion in a memorable poem—as Catullus did when he parted from Clodia—and survive to fix his devotion on another. The case of a woman poet is a thousand times worse: since she is herself the Muse, a Goddess without an external power to guide or comfort her, if she strays even a finger's breadth from the path of divine instinct she must take violent self-vengeance. For awhile a sense of humour, good health, and discretion may keep her on an even keel, but the task of living to, for, and with herself alone, will sooner or later prove an impossible one. Sappho of Lesbos, Liadan of Corkaguiney, and Juana de Asbaje belonged to this desperate sisterhood: incarnations of the Muse-goddess, cut off from any simple gossiping relation with their fellow-women, who either adored them blindly or hated them blindly, and from any spiritual communion with men on equal terms. Though a woman so fated cannot help feeling physical desire for a man, she is forbidden by her identity with the Goddess from worshipping or giving herself wholly to him, even if he desires to worship and give himself wholly to her. It is possible that Clodia was another of these unfortunates, that the harder Catullus tried to please her, the more despairingly she fought him off: playing the society harlot rather than consent to burn with him in a mutual flame.

Yet about Clodia little is known, and about Catullus no more than his poems reveal. Even the story of Sappho survives only in fragmentary form. We learn that she was early married on Lesbos to one Cercolas, a man of no distinction, and bore him a daughter; that her learning and inventive faculties were memorable; that she tutored girls of literary promise; that she rejected the advances of Alcaeus, the leading poet of his day; that she fled to Sicily from some unnamed trouble and, after an unhappy affair with one Phaon, a common sailor, "took the Leucadian leap": which implies some spectacular act of self-destruction. The interrelation of these bare facts remains obscure; yet it seems that a possessed woman poet will rather subject herself to a dull husband or ignorant lover, who mistrusts her genius and may even ill-treat her physically, than encourage the love of a Catullus or Alcaeus, which demands more than it is hers to give.

The story of Liadan is also fragmentary. She was a brilliant young Irish *ollamh* (or master-poet) of the 7th century A.D., privileged to make semi-royal progresses from one great mansion to another, preceded by a peal of golden bells, and followed by a train of lesser bards and pupils. On one of these she went to Connaught, where the *ollamh* Curithir welcomed her to an ale-feast. After the long exchange of riddling poetic lore in Old Goidelic, customary on such occasions, he burst out suddenly: "Why should we not marry, Liadan? A son born to us would be famous." She was startled into answering: "Wait until my progress is done; then visit me at Corkaguiney and I will come with you." He did so, only to find that Liadan, regretting her lapse, had meanwhile taken a religious vow of chastity. In despair and anger, Curithir took a similar vow,

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and when they went away together, as agreed, it was to the monastery of Clonfert, where Liadan insisted on placing herself under the spiritual direction of St. Cummin, a hard and severe abbot. Curithir followed suit. St. Cummin found them two separate cells, offering Curithir the choice of either seeing Liadan without addressing her, or addressing her without seeing her. He chose the second alternative; and Liadan consented to this arrangement. They were then each in turn allowed to wander around the other's wattled cell, until Liadan persuaded Cummin to grant Curithir greater freedom, of which she must have known that he would try to take advantage. As a result, he was banished from Clonfert, and sailed away to the Holy Land; but Liadan let herself die of remorse, because she had foolishly involved him in her ruin.

UNLIKE Sappho and Liadan, Juana de Asbaje was born into a society where she must have seemed as portentous as a talking dove or a dog which can do long division. Neither in Lesbos nor ancient Ireland had limits been set to a woman's learning. Sappho was no freak, but merely the best of several famous women poets. Liadan, to win her peal of golden bells, had passed the *ollamh's* twelve-year course in literature, law, history, languages, music, magic, mathematics, and astronomy—one of incredible stiffness—and that a woman should so distinguish herself was not considered abnormal. In 17th century Mexico, however, the Church had gained such a stranglehold on learning and literature that women, doctrinally debarred from the priesthood, and despised as the intellectual and moral inferiors of their fathers and brothers, could nurse no aspirations beyond a good husband, many children, and a Christian death. Only at the Viceregal Court might a lady read poems or romances, and thus equip herself for the games of chivalry in which etiquette required her to assist the courtiers; but even so, a confessor always stood by to check all signs of vanity or immodesty.

Juana, born on November 12th, 1651, was the daughter of Don Pedro Manuel de Asbaje, an immigrant Vizcayan, and Doña Isabel Ramirez, whose father, the head of a family long established in Mexico, owned a substantial estate near Chimalhuacán, and seems to have been a man of some cultivation. Juana's mother, however, could neither read nor write and when she died, some thirty years later, it transpired that Juana and her two sisters had all been born out of wedlock: presumably because the father had left behind a wife in Spain. Though he seems to have legitimised the three of them before they grew up, it has been suggested that the shame of having been born a bastard encouraged Juana to excel as a poet, while it soured her against marriage; but this is mere speculation.

One morning, when she was three years old, her sister said: "Mother cannot have you about the house today. Come with me to school and sit quietly in a corner." Juana went . . .

> . . . and seeing that they gave my sister lessons, I so burned with a desire to know how to read that, deceiving the teacher, as I thought, I told her that my mother had ordered her to give me lessons. She did not believe this, as it was incredible, but to humour me, she acquiesced. I continued to attend and she to teach me, not in mockery now, because experience had undeceived her; and I learned to read in such short time that when my mother (from whom the teacher had hidden the matter in order to give her the pleasure and receive the reward all at once) found out, I was already proficient. I, too, had concealed it, thinking that they would whip me for acting without orders. She who taught me still lives, God preserve her, and can testify to the truth. . . . I recall that in those days I had the appetite for sweets and delicacies that is common at such an age, but that I abstained from eating cheese because I had heard it said that taking this made one dull-witted; for my desire to learn was stronger than the wish to eat, which ordinarily is so powerful in children.

At the age of six or seven, she pleaded to be enrolled at Mexico City University and, since the statutes barred women from taking the course, to have her hair cut and be dressed as a boy. When her mother laughingly refused, Juana took possession of her grandfather's library, which no punishment could deter her from reading; and when she found that the most desirable books were in Latin, mastered the elements in fewer than twenty lessons and, before she was eight, could read and enjoy Plato, Aristophanes, and Erasmus. Juana now

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made life so difficult for her mother that she was sent to her uncle's house in Mexico City, where she taught herself literature, science, mathematics, philosophy, theology, and languages. At the age of thirteen she was presented at Court by the uncle; there her exceptional talents, vivacity, and beauty—wide-set chestnut-coloured eyes, broad brow, quick smile, straight nose, determined chin, delicate fingers—qualified her to be the darling and first lady-in-waiting of the Vicereine. For three years Juana took part in all the gallant diversions of the Viceregal Court, the cultural centre of the New World, and became its principal ornament, next to the regal pair themselves: studying every book that came to hand, and writing a profusion of court verse in Castilian, Latin, and Aztec—besides theatrical sketches, satires, verses of commendation and occasional trifles, some of them "highly seasoned"; and finding time for poetry of a truer and more personal kind. A great many well-born young men asked her hand in marriage, but she behaved with commendable discretion and refused their offers, though the Viceroy and Vicereine would doubtless have provided a dowry.

When she reached the age of sixteen, the Viceroy heard her decried as having only a smattering of knowledge, and therefore summoned forty learned men—university professors, theologians, philosophers, poets, mathematicians and historians—to examine her in their various subjects. He afterwards recorded with satisfaction:

> Like a royal galleon beating off the attacks of a few enemy sloops, so did Juana fight clear of the questions, arguments and objections that so many specialists, each in his own department, propounded. . . .

Father Calleja, of the Society of Jesus, her first biographer, asked Juana what impression this triumph, capable of puffing up even the humblest soul to self-importance, had made upon her. She replied: "It left me with no greater satisfaction than if I had performed a small task of hem-stitching more neatly than my embroidery-teacher." About this time she first expressed a total aversion to marriage. Her motives have ever since been hotly debated. Father Calleja suggests that she recognised the glitter of Court life as empty delusion; never fell in love with a man; and soon realised that only service to God could give her lasting happiness. This is still the view of the Church, despite her plainly autobiographical love-poems, written at the age of sixteen: *Este amoroso tormento que en mi corazón se ve*, and: *Si otros ojos hé visto, matenme, Fabio, tus airados ojos*; and the poems of disillusion which followed, especially the famous:

> *Hombres necios que acusáis*
> *a la mujer sin razón*

and the twoscorching farewell sonnets to Silvio, whom she hates herself for having loved so well.

JUANA presently decided to become a nun, although, as she wrote later: "I knew that the estate implied obligations (I am referring to the incidentals, not the fundamentals) most repugnant to my temperament." In this course she was encouraged by her confessor, Father Antonio Nuñés de Miranda, to whom "she broached all her doubts, fears and misgivings." Her first attempt failed: after three months as a novice among the Barefoot Carmelites, her health broke down, and she withdrew on doctor's orders. Fourteen months later, however, she was well enough to enter a Jeronymite convent and in February, 1669, having completed a short novitiate, took the veil as Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, the name by which she is now generally known.

Father Antonio did not insist that she should abandon her studies and, since the Jeronymites were the most liberal of the Orders in 17th century Mexico, her cell soon became an academy, lined with books and filled with the instruments of music and mathematics. Juana learned to play several instruments, wrote a treatise on musical harmony, made a name as a miniaturist, became proficient in moral and dogmatic theology, medicine, canon law, astronomy, and advanced mathematics. Her library swelled to four thousand books, the largest in the New World, and it is recorded:

> . . . the *locutorio* of the Jéronimas was frequented by many of the highest in Mexico, thanks to the

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renown of Sor Juana. She had loved solitude but [her presence] brought her many distinguished visitors. Not a Viceroy of that epoch but desired to know her and, from the highest to the lowest, they all consulted Juana on weighty affairs. A natural affability and graciousness made her lend herself with good will to these fatiguing visits.

Juana continued to write verses, though none for publication: mostly birthday and name-day greetings addressed to her friends at Court, dedications, epitaphs, commemorations, rhymed letters of thanks for books or musical instruments—all smooth, eloquent, and highly rhetorical. To these she added sacred sonnets, dirges, roundelays, carols, panegyrics of saints, lively allegories, and religious plays. She was also a famous cook and for ever sending her friends gifts of confectionery: almond rings, nuns' sighs (to use the politer phrase), cakes and puff pastry of every kind. Accompanying these went humorous verses, such as this:

To Her Excellency again, with a shoe embroidered in Mexican style, and a parcel of chocolate:

A cast glove is challenge;
Contrariwise,
A cast shoe, my Lady,
Surrender signifies.

Frequent balls, concerts, and ballad-recitals were given in the convent and patronised by the Viceregal pair who never failed to attend vespers there as an excuse for amusing and instructive conversation with the "Mexican Phœnix." It was an easy life, since no limit was put on the number of Indian serfs owned by the sisters; one convent of a hundred nuns had five hundred such serving-women working for them. Juana was unlucky, at first, to be under a jealous and narrow-minded prioress, at whom she once shouted in exasperation: "Hold your tongue, you ignorant fool!" The prioress complained to the then Archbishop of Mexico who, as an admirer of Juana, endorsed the prioress' complaint with: "If the Mother Superior can prove that this charge is false, Justice will be done."

JUANA performed all the religious duties laid upon her, though not greedy of ecclesiastical advancement and, when on one occasion unanimously elected prioress, declined the honour. The gay times at the Convent seem to have ended with the Viceroy's term of office; but her "passion to know" remained as strong as ever, and this, she wrote, subjected her to more criticism and resentment than the massive learning she had already acquired. On one occasion a "very holy and candid prelate" ordered her to cease from her studies. She obeyed in so far as she read no more books . . .

. . . but since it was not within my power to cease absolutely, I observed all things that God created, the universal machine serving me in place of books.

During the three months of the prelate's continuance in office, she studied the mechanics of the spinning top, and the chemical reactions of convent cookery, making important scientific discoveries. Later, when she fell seriously ill, the doctors also forbade her to read, but

. . . seeing that, when deprived of books, her cogitations were so vehement that they consumed more spirit in a quarter of an hour than did four days' reading,

they were forced to withdraw their prohibition.

Juana's confessor, still the same Father Antonio, now tried to dissuade her from seeing and writing to so many friends and learned laymen, on the ground that this was irreconcilable with her profession; and when she would not listen to him, resigned his charge. Next, she was ordered by an unnamed superior to refute an admittedly unorthodox sermon preached by a famous theologian, the Portuguese Jesuit Father Antonio Vieira; which Juana did in a letter of such masterly argument, that when it was published (without her knowledge or permission) the most learned doctors of Spain and Portugal were highly diverted to find that this Mexican nun had completely demolished Vieira's thesis; and sent her profuse congratulations. But one old friend, the Bishop of Puebla, qualified his praises with the suggestion that the letter proved how sadly she had wasted her talents in writing shallow verses and studying irrelevant and profane subjects; instead, she should have devoted herself to the unmasking of doctrinal error, now so rife in Christendom. Juana, deeply offended, replied that she made no claim to academic distinction, had written the letter only because ordered to

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do so and, when she saw it in print, had burst into tears, "which never come easily to me." Then, rather than become a theologian, to the exclusion of all her other studies, she grimly sold her entire library for the benefit of the poor, together with all her musical and mathematical instruments; and submitted to the severest conventual discipline, which Father Antonio, returning in joy, unsuccessfully begged her to moderate. This spectacular event created such a stir that the new Archbishop of Mexico similarly sold all his books, jewels, valuables, and even his bed.

In 1695, some of the sisters fell ill of the plague, and Juana, though weakened by nearly two years of rigorous penance, set herself to nurse them; but presently caught the infection and succumbed. The Jeronymite records contain this sentence, scratched with Juana's fingernail dipped in her own blood—because she had renounced the use of pen and ink:

> Immediately above will be noted the day, month and year of my death. For the love of God and of His Purest Mother, I pray that my beloved sisters, both those now living and those who have gone before, will recommend me to Him—though I have been the worst woman in the world.
>
> Signed: I, Juana Inés de la Cruz.

JUANA de Asbaje wrote true poetry before she was seventeen; but what of her heiress and successor, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz? We can applaud the dazzling fantasy of Sor Juana's religious verse, its perfect sense of rhythm and sure balance of phrases, its essential clarity, which shames the interlaced extravagances of contemporary Gongorists, and the universality of knowledge displayed by the incidental references. Yet the appeal is almost wholly to the intellect. Juana never became mystically involved with Christ. She accepted Him as a theological axiom, rather than as the divine bridegroom whom St. Teresa knew, and of whom the medieval Irish nun wrote:

> Jesukin, my Jesukin,
> My small cell doth dwell within!
> With prelates have I nought to do:
> All's untrue but Jesukin.

She was no longer the Muse of every Mexican gallant, though flatterers continued to call her "The Tenth Muse"; and as an intelligence she now functioned in a field which the ecclesiastics to whom she had promised obedience were always seeking to reduce; being forced to play a religious part in which she could not wholly believe, because it was repugnant to her temperament, yet at last playing it so successfully as at once to shame them and defeat her own ends. When she had sold her books and cut herself off from the world, the only solace left was the fellowship of her ignorant sisters, and even this seems hardly to have been an unmixed blessing:

> It happened that among other favours, I owe to God an easy and affable nature and the nuns loved me for it (without taking notice, like the good people they were, of my faults) and greatly enjoyed my company; knowing this and moved by the great love I had for them—since they loved me, I loved them more—there were times when they intruded somewhat, coming to me to console themselves and to give me the recreation of their company.

It was in no spirit of mock-humility that she described herself as the worst of women; writing the confession in her own blood. She meant that, when she first took the Leucadian Leap by becoming a nun, it had not been into the sea of pure religion. Still keeping her intellectual pride, her thirst for scientific knowledge and her pleasure in profane authors, lay visitors and the minor pleasures of the flesh, she could remember what it had been to love and to write poetry; and her ancient powers still occasionally reasserted themselves, for instance in some of the songs, based on the Canticles, which enliven her religious play, *The Divine Narcissus*. Juana called herself the worst of women, it seems, because she had lacked sufficient resolution either to stick it out as Muse, or make a complete renegation in the style of Liadan.

Now, though both Liadan and Juana were young and famous women poets who took vows of celibacy and submitted to ecclesiastical discipline, it was Juana's Irishness, rather, that first led me to compare them. Juana not only combined Christian ethics with pagan emotion, and profound learning with easy lyricism, like

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the *ollamhs*, but had inherited their technique by way of the early medieval Latin hymns and the anti-monastic ballads of the Goliards. She too loved the short rhymed quatrain, and the internal rhymes of her *Carol to St. Peter*:

Y con plumas y voces veloces
Y con voces y plumas las sumas
Cantad. . . .

were in the purest Bardic tradition, like St. Bernard of Cluny's *Rhythm*, which begins:

Hora novissima, tempora pessima
Sunt: vigilemus
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter
Ille supremus. . . .

Moreover, she excelled in satire of the scorching Irish sort that would raise blotches on the victim's face: her *Lines to Sour-Faced Gila* might have been written by the arch-*ollamh* Seachan Torpest himself, notorious for having rhymed rats to death. Perhaps Juana's Vizcayan blood was at work; an ancient tie of kinship and religion bound the Western Irish with the Northern Spanish—both peoples had worshipped the same pre-Christian Muse-goddess and the doomed hero Lugos, or Lugh, her gifted son.

ARGUYE DE INCONSECUENTES EL GUSTO Y LA CENSURA DE LOS HOMBRES QUE EN LAS MUJERES ACUSAN LO QUE CAUSAN

Hombres necios que acusáis
a la mujer sin razón,
sin ver que sois la ocasión
de lo mismo que culpáis,

si con ansia sin igual
solicitáis su desdén
¿por qué queréis que obren bien
si las incitáis al mal?

Combatis su resistencia
y luego, con gravedad,
decís que fué liviandad
lo que hizo la diligencia.

Parecer quiere el denuedo
de vuestro parecer loco,
al niño que pone el coco,
y luego le tiene miedo.

Queréis, con presunción necia,
hallar a la que buscáis,
para pretendida, Thais,
y en la posesión, Lucrecia.

AGAINST THE INCONSEQUENCE OF MEN'S DESIRES AND THEIR CENSURE OF WOMEN FOR FAULTS WHICH THEY THEMSELVES HAVE CAUSED

Ah stupid men, unreasonable
In blaming woman's nature,
Oblivious that your acts incite
The very faults you censure.

If, of unparalleled desire,
At her disdain you batter
With provocations of the flesh,
What should her virtue matter?

Yet once you wear resistance down
You reprimand her, showing
That what you diligently devised
Was all her wanton doing.

With love you feign to be distraught
(How gallant is your lying!
Like children, masked with coconuts,
Their own selves terrifying).

And idiotically would seek
In the same woman's carriage
A Thais for the sport of love,
And a Lucrece for marriage.

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Editorial

Ghosts of a Renascence

CERTAIN ideas are perhaps imagined more intensely than they are ever clearly stated. Yet they are substantial ghosts, feeding life, and when they disappear there is a sense of emptiness.

Such an idea is individualism, using the term in the creative (and not in the economic) sense. No one was or is or will be a complete individual. Yet places (like Paris at the end of the last century) where there appear to have been a few unique persons (sitting at cafés, painting in studios) are vastly different from those where everyone is a cipher, a "social man."

Another such idea is renascence. Perhaps an even more significant division than that between "romantics" and "classicists" is between those who are and those who are not haunted and nourished by renascence ghosts.

The early Romantics, the pre-Raphaelites, the Risorgimenti, Rimbaud, Ruskin, William Morris, Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, the poets of "the Celtic Twilight," Yeats, the Sitwells, D. H. Lawrence, and E. M. Forster are all, in varying degrees, renascence-haunted. Tennyson, Baudelaire, Dickens, Bernard Shaw, the Fabians, Proust, Joyce, and T. S. Eliot are not, or only to a small extent. Not everyone would agree with this division, but the reasons for putting each writer into each category might prove illuminating.

The renascence-haunted have a vision of a great past being translated physically into the material life of the present. They are for ever expecting geniuses, statues, frescoes, epics, defiant architecture, and sacrificial lives to transform the Modern City. They believe that there is a unity of life at all times which can (even if a miracle be necessary) flood the present with greatness. They themselves often have a renascence aura about their persons, shown, for instance, in the red beards of William Morris and D. H. Lawrence—their renascence badges.

In one of his essays, Lawrence invokes a visionary scene of young men walking down Regent Street or Piccadilly, wearing trousers with one red and one blue leg, like the young Italians going through the streets of Florence in the 15th century. This vision of a sartorial transformation signified an attitude he wished to see translated into the modern world. Wyndham Lewis—who is rather consciously renascence-haunted—insists on the external values of the eye as against the interior, hypersensitive ones of the ear: he wants the external scene to be visibly transformed by the intensely imagined past. The renascence-haunted are concerned with politics and government only in so far as these may help effect the change, and through a certain arrogance they are capable of tragic mistakes: Ezra Pound lives out a tragedy which recalls Shakespeare's Coriolanus.

People like Shaw and Wells and the Fabians, who want simply to change the time with the techniques of the time, are not haunted by this particular ghost. Nor are Proust, Eliot, Joyce, Kafka, or any of those writers who invent "inside" worlds because they think that there is something irremediable about the "outside" modern materialist one. To them, London, Vienna, and New York appear already as they probably will to archæologists two thousand years hence: a few twisted girders among the ruins of a civilisation.

The most admired modern art (in literature at all events) is that which Lawrence labels "cerebral." It is the invention of the un-renascence-haunted, of those who accept the modern world as inevitably grim and doomed, and who concentrate on ordering an inner world of the mind, outside time and history.

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¿Qué humor puede ser más raro
que el que, falto de consejo,
él mismo empaña el espejo
y siente que no esté claro?

What sight more comic than the man,
All decent counsel loathing,
Who breathes upon a mirror's face
Then mourns: "I can see nothing."

Con el favor y el desdén
tenéis condición igual:
quejándoos si os tratan mal,
burlándoos si os quieren bien.

Whether rejected or indulged,
You all have the same patter:
Complaining in the former case,
But mocking in the latter.

Opinión ninguna gana,
pues la que más se recata,
si no os admite, es ingrata,
y os admite, es liviana.

No woman your esteem can earn,
Though cautious and mistrustful;
You call her cruel, if denied,
And if accepted, lustful.

Siempre tan necios andáis
que con desigual nivel
a una culpáis por cruel
y otra por fácil culpáis.

Inconsequent and variable
Your reason must be reckoned:
You charge the first girl with disdain;
With lickerishness, the second.

¿Pues cómo ha de estar templada
la que vuestra amor pretende,
si la que es ingrata ofende
y la que es fácil enfada?

How can the lady of your choice
Temper her disposition,
When to be stubborn vexes you,
But you detest submission?

Mas entre el enfado y pena
que vuestro gusto refiere
bien haya la que no os quiere
y dejaos en hora buena.

So, what with all the rage and pain
Caused by your greedy nature,
She would be wise who never loved
And hastened her departure.

Dan vuestras amantes penas
a sus libertades alas,
y después de hacerlas malas
las queréis hallar muy buenas.

Let loved ones cage their liberties
Like any captive bird; you
Will violate them none the less,
Apostrophising virtue.

¿Cuál mayor culpa ha tenido,
en una pasión errada,
la que cae de rogada,
o el que ruega de caído?

Which has the greater sin when burned
By the same lawless fever:
She who is amorously deceived,
Or he, the sly deceiver?

¿O cuál es más de culpar,
aunque cualquiera mal haga,
la que peca por la paga
o el que paga por pecar?

Or which deserves the sterner blame,
Though each will be a sinner:
She who becomes a whore for pay,
Or he who pays to win her?

Pues ¿para qué os espantáis
de la culpa que tenéis?
Queredlas cuál las hacéis
o hacedlas cual las buscáis.

Are you astounded at your faults,
Which could not well be direr?
Then love what you have made her be,
Or make as you desire her.

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Dejad de solicitar
y después, con más razón,
acusaréis la afición
de la que os fuere a rogar.

Bien con muchas armas fundo
que lidia vuestra arrogancia.
pues, en promesa e instancia
juntáis diablo, carne y mundo.

I warn you: trouble her no more,
But earn the right to visit
Your righteous wrath on any jade
Who might your lust solicit.

This arrogance of men in truth
Comes armoured with all evil—
Sworn promise, plea of urgency—
O world, O flesh, O devil!

VILLANCICOS QUE SE CANTARON EN LA CATEDRAL DE MÉXICO, EN LOS MATINES DEL PRINCIPE DE LA IGLESIA, SEÑOR SAN PEDRO EL AÑO DE 1677

Estribillo

Serafines alados, celestes jilgueros,
templad vuestras plumas, cortad vuestros ecos,
y con plumas y voces aladas,
y con voces y plumas templadas,
cantad, escribid de Pedro los hechos;
y con plumas, y voces
veloces,
y con voces y plumas
las sumas
cantad, escribid de los hechos de Pedro.

Coplas

Reducir infalible
quietud, del viento inquieto las mudanzas,
es menos imposible,
que de Pedro cantar las alabanzas,
que apenas reducir podrán a sumas,
de las alas querúbicas las plumas.

Más que al Cielo de estrellas
número hay de excelencias, que le asista;
¿pues qué diré de aquellas,
que imperceptibles son a nuestra vista?
¿si a decir las sabidas no acertamos,
cómo podré cantar las que ignoramos?

CAROL SUNG IN THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO CITY AT THE MATINS OF OUR LORD SAINT PETER, PRINCE OF THE CHURCH, A.D. 1677

Winged seraphin, celestial linnets,
Trim your feathers, still your echoes,
And with feathers and winged voices
O, with voices and trimmed feathers,
Sing, write the deeds of Peter:
O, with feathers and voices
Swift-flying,
O, with voices and feathers,
Singing and writing,
Sum up the deeds of Peter!

What? Reduce to infallible quiet
The shifts of the unquiet wind?
Even that were less impossible
Than to sing Peter's praises
Which the very feathers of the cherubs' wings
Could scarce reduce to a sum.

More than the stars of Heaven in number
Are the merits that attend him.
How then to celebrate such finenesses,
As must elude our vision?
If we cannot certify things known to us,
How chant of things we know not?

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Poner Pedro la planta
adonde Cristo la cabeza puso,
misterio es, que adelanta
el respeto que el Cielo nos impuso:
pues de besar el pie Cristo se precia
a Pedro por cabeza de la Iglesia.

That Peter his sole rested
Where Christ rested His head,
Is a mystery enhancing
Awe which Heaven has upon us laid:
Since by Christ's kissing of that foot
Peter was hallowed as the Church's head.

Que él es Pedro, responde
Cristo cuando el Dios vivo le ha llamado;
porque tal gloria esconde
este nombre de Pedro venerado,
que no hallando a su fé, que satisfaga,
sólo en llamarle Pedro Dios le paga.

"Thou art Peter," Christ replied
When greeted by him as the Living God—
For the reverend name of Peter
Enshrines such glory
That, finding other fee too poor,
God recompensed his faith with this alone;

No le dijo, que él era
cabeza de la iglesia militante,
ni que era la primera
puerta para pasar a la triunfante,
ni que a la redondez; que alumbra el día;
su pescador anillo ceñiría.

And did not manifest him as the head
Of the Church Militant,
And the first gate wherethrough
The Church should pass triumphant,
Nor told him that the Fisherman's ring would loop
The round horizon beamed upon by day;

Ni que entre justos tantos
tendrá el primer lugar entre los hombres;
gocen allá otros Santos
de gloriosos altísimos renombres,
cual la palma inmortal, cual verde cedro,
que a mi Pedro le basta con ser Pedro.

Nor that of all men ever born
He would hold first place among the just.
O then, let other Saints in Heaven enjoy
Honours most glorious and most high,
Be it deathless palm, or cedar evergreen;
My Peter it suffices to be Peter.

Envoie

Pues si tal enseñanza
nos muestra vuestro título y nobleza,
y que vuestra alabanza
encierra en vuestro nombre más grandeza,
no quiero yo alabaros de otro modo:
Pedro sois, y en ser Pedro la sois todo.

Wherefore, since Christ's Own declaration
Blazoned your title and nobility,
And since your praise must rest upon
The supreme grandeur which your name encloses,
I would not praise you otherwise than thus:
"Peter thou art and, being so, art all!"

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Britain, the U.S., and Asia

I. WOODROW WYATT

WHEN, at Teheran, Roosevelt teased Churchill about British imperialism, he would have been amazed to know that within ten years the shoe was to be on the other foot. Until 1947, when the British finally handed over power in India, America was the uncritical friend of all Asian independence movements, and was regarded by them as an ally, as prodder-in-chief to the hide-bound British. Today, it is the British who appear to Asians as the Western country most sympathetic to their national aspirations, whereas Americans are feared as potential aggressors and as living symbols of capitalist-imperialism.

American and British views on the Far East, so divergent for many years, appeared finally to have met when the Labour Government conceded self-government to India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon. But this meeting-point now seems in retrospect to have been merely a point of intersection, and once again the lines diverge. This is a most disturbing fact. The success of the Anglo-American alliance in Europe in stiffening the West and in bringing discernible progress towards order and coherence in European affairs was based on the intimate cooperation of Britain and America: there were no fundamental disagreements. The failure of the West to make a fruitful impact on Asia in the last few years has been due to the differences between British and American policies there. They can be brought together again only if we understand how they came to grow apart.

AT THE end of the war, Chiang Kai-Shek was still widely regarded as the leader of the Chinese people. General Stilwell had had violent arguments with him, and he had not got on well with the British; but he still retained a little of the aura of the successful revolutionary. The Chinese struggle against Japan had tended to obscure his failures to meet the needs of China, socially, agriculturally, and industrially. Although there were doubts about the integrity of his régime, recognition of his government by the Russians, and the careful Russian indifference to the Chinese Communists, seemed to be a certificate that at least Chiang Kai-Shek was not reactionary. Madame Chiang was extremely popular in America and, because she was a Christian, had acquired immense prestige with such people as Henry Luce, sentimental over his family's missionary connections with China. Chiang Kai-Shek, then, was the chosen instrument through which American aid was to be given to China.

But Chiang Kai-Shek could not sustain the role. As so often in China, his government, which had begun with good intentions, became the source through which cynical adventurers made their fortunes. The generals in the army were hardly better than independent warlords. The arms and equipment which the Americans lavished on Chiang Kai-Shek's forces were regularly sold to the Communists. The dollars that poured in to relieve distress added to the bank balances of corrupt officials. Everyone in Asia could see this but the Americans, who did not believe it because they did not wish to believe it. They put down the failure of Chiang Kai-Shek's armies to the assistance which they thought the Russians must be giving to the Communists. But in fact, and typically, the Russians gave no assistance whatever to the Chinese Communists until they had won. The under-equipped Com-

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munist armies struggled to success through the moral deterioration of their opponents. The American disappointment at the Communist triumph was bitter. Even now it seems that they cannot believe that it is final. The ardently pro-China groups in America still hanker after a restoration of Chiang Kai-Shek and nourish the absurd delusion that he could launch a successful invasion of the mainland from Formosa with American help.

Most observers in Britain have no similar bitterness about China because they never expected much from China. Chiang Kai-Shek had never appeared to the British as a crusading knight, and China, whether governed by Chiang Kai-Shek or the Communists, was thought to be of doubtful political value to the West. As awareness of the corruptness of the Chiang Kai-Shek administration grew, so the remnants of British sympathy for him disappeared. No one wept at his defeat. By Americans, the outcome of the Chinese civil war was attributed to the machinations of world Communism. By the British, it was put down more prosaically to Chiang Kai-Shek's own deficiencies.

This is an important distinction. At the very moment that Britain was finding it politic to be sympathetic towards Asian nationalism, and to attempt to appreciate Asian ideas and sensibilities, the Americans felt impelled, because of what they believed to be the nature of Chiang Kai-Shek's defeat, to put the emphasis in Asia on anti-Communism. The effect of this was that the Americans swiftly assumed the bogey-men role in the Asian mind that the British had held for so long. They became the exploiting capitalists and the British became the amiable Westerners holding out a helping hand.

THE reason for this is that, in Asia, Communist doctrine on imperialism was and is widely accepted: individual foreign capitalists build up a position in a country and then successfully demand that their own government take over the country in order to protect their trade and interests. This, many Asians knew from their own experience and knowledge, had actually happened on some occasions. Consequently, the fact that America supplied vast quantities of arms and equipment to Chiang Kai-Shek, whilst denouncing Communism, seemed proof to the Asian that the Americans were beginning a new cycle of capitalist-imperialism. In other words, as the British withdrew from the position of capitalist-imperialists which they had held for upwards of two centuries in the Asian mind, the Americans moved in to take their place. The immense wealth of America and her vehement attachment to capitalism made her seem far more sinister and dangerous than ever the British had been. Their kindliness was forgotten and the phrase "dollar imperialism" became fashionable throughout Asia. This crude, over-simplified picture was heightened by the fact that there was at the same time a Labour Government in Britain putting through vast schemes of social reform and creating a welfare state. The change in British policy was rightly attributed to the internal move towards socialism. Britain, the traditional enemy of Asia, was suddenly regarded as the only understanding friend in the West. America, still rooted in her capitalist past, became the ogre.

In the Asian mind Mao Tse-Tung had, and still has, much more the qualities of a fighter for national independence than those of the Communist. The Americans saw him only as a Communist. The Asians saw him as the Cromwellian remover of a corrupt government (which merely temporised with exploiting foreign capitalists and indeed sought to establish itself with their aid), and as the restorer of Chinese national pride. The anti-white element in his campaign was of particular appeal. He was ridding China of foreign concessions and proving, as Japan had done once before, that the Asian could defeat the white man despite his superior industrial and scientific resources. That is why Mao Tse-Tung deliberately exaggerated the amount of American help given to Chiang Kai-Shek. The greater the effort that he could show America had made to defeat him, the greater was the victory for Asian nationalism. Despite the unpopularity of Japan throughout most of Asia, during the war Japan was always able to evoke admiration among the Asians through her ability to defeat Europeans in the field. That same Asian pride

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operates today in favour of the Chinese Communists. Even now Mao Tse-Tung is more identified with nationalism than with Communism, and, conversely, America's crude attempts to destroy him earn America dislike and distrust and are of immense propaganda value to Chinese Communism.

The British, who were profiting from their new relationship with the peoples of Southeast Asia and Asia generally, saw this very early. They sensed that it was useless to try to defeat Mao Tse-Tung. They judged that the wisest course was to try to take the sting out of his nationalist appeal in the hope that by doing so the dangers to Southeast Asia of his Communist methods would become the more apparent. Hence the British recognition of Communist China. That recognition was based on the undoubted fact that Mao Tse-Tung did rule China, but it also stemmed from a belief that recognition of Communist China would show Asia that Mao Tse-Tung had no need to take further extravagant measures to establish the status of Communist China as a nation. American refusal to recognise Communist China was seen by the Asians as an affront to Asia and not as a rebuff to Communism.

It was at this unsatisfactory moment in America's relations with Asia that the war in Korea began. President Truman promptly took, as far as Korea itself was concerned, the correct action—an action approved of, and supported by, not only Britain but most of the countries of Asia. All were agreed that aggression should be resisted and there was no real doubt that North Korea had invaded South Korea. India, with other Asian nations, supported the original resolution in the United Nations condemning aggression and calling upon the United Nations to take appropriate action. Then, as the war proceeded, the Asian nations grew lukewarm. It seemed to them that America, with her predominant influence in U.N.O., was turning the war, not into resistance against aggression *per se*, but against Communism *per se*. Britain shared in those apprehensions. The impression that America was primarily interested in defeating Communism rather than in upholding the principles of the United Nations was heightened by her action in neutralising Formosa. At once, Mr. Attlee, the British Prime Minister, made it clear that Britain could have nothing whatever to do with this action, totally extraneous as it was to the war in Korea.

What was remembered in Britain was the speech made by Dean Acheson on January 5th, 1950, some six months before the Korean war began, in which he said:

> "There has been a great deal of amateur military strategy indulged in in regard to this matter of Formosa. The underlying factors in the decision are not in that area. . . . In the middle of the war, the President of the United States, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the President of China agreed at Cairo that among the areas stolen from China by Japan was Formosa and Formosa should go back to China. . . . Shortly after that the island of Formosa was turned over to the Chinese in accordance with the declarations made and with conditions of the surrender. The Chinese have administered Formosa for four years. Neither the United States nor any other ally ever questioned that authority and that occupation. When Formosa was made a province of China nobody raised any lawyers' doubts about that. . . . Now, in the opinion of some, the situation is changed. They believe that the forces now in control of the mainland of China, the forces which undoubtedly will soon be recognised by some other countries, are not friendly to us, and therefore they want to say, 'Well, we have to wait for a treaty.' We did not wait for a treaty on Korea. . . . Therefore, the President says, we are not going to use our forces in connection with the present situation in Formosa. We are not going to get involved militarily in any way on the island of Formosa. So far as I know, no responsible person in the Government, no military man has ever believed that we should involve our forces in the island."

This was a clear indication that the United States regarded itself as having no military interests in Formosa and that it proposed to abide by the Cairo agreement. The neutralisation of Formosa, and the establishment of an American military mission there, seemed to Britain and to Asian countries a startling reversal of that policy. Asians who were already suspicious of American intentions assumed, now that the war in Korea had broken out, that the Americans, who had already admitted that

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Formosa was not necessary to American defence, intended to build a counter-revolutionary force on Formosa which would undertake an invasion of China. They felt that the danger of America moving through the capitalist-imperialist cycle had become acute. Britain did not think that: what she felt was that America was doing appalling damage to the cause of the West in Asia by allowing herself to give credence to such views.

The fears that America was out to turn the Korean war into a wholesale attack on China, which might in turn lead to a third world war, were intensified by the actions and words of General MacArthur and his supporters. Asia and Britain inclined to believe that he, by the nearness of his approach to the Yalu River, provoked the Chinese entry into Korea. Even those in Britain who were sympathetic to America considered that although the Chinese entry into the Korean war could not be *justified* it could be *explained* by the actions of the United Nations command. The Chinese had alarmed themselves by their own propaganda: having painted the Americans as imperialists anxious to restore Chiang Kai-Shek, they were frightened when American troops approached their borders. They had no excuse for crossing the frontier unless the United Nations did so first, but the fact that they did move into Korea was certainly explicable in terms of their own psychology—a psychology which should have been understood by the West.

THE Chinese entry into the Korean war strengthened in turn those American voices demanding an all-out war against China. As these voices grew louder, the apprehensions of Britain, Europe, and the Asian countries grew greater. The Southeast Asian countries which had supported the original U.N.O. resolution lost much of their appetite for resisting aggression in Korea. The Indian Government, for example, never sent more than a field ambulance.

The American intention now appeared to be to depict Communist China as the centre of a vast Moscow-Peking conspiracy aiming at the conquest of the world. According to this theory, the Korean affair was a small item in a global war and not an isolated incident of aggression which could be kept isolated. The British, on the other hand, much more in sympathy with the general Asian outlook, persisted in underplaying the general Communist threat implied in the Chinese intervention in Korea, and, although deploring it, ascribed it more to Chinese fears for her own security and to Chinese resentment that her new régime was not recognised by U.N.O. or the West as a whole. Britain minimised the Communist danger: America magnified it. But, whoever was right or wrong, Britain became identified in the Asian mind as a restraining influence on an excitable America. The United Kingdom could not continue its endeavours to get Communist China admitted to U.N.O. but it did, quietly and noticeably, insist on the importance of treating Communist China as a full-blown nation. Britain imposed a ban on the export of strategic materials to China but with very much more reluctance than America would have wished. Always in the thoughts of the policy-makers in Britain was the proposition that in the future it might be possible to separate China from Russia and that if this were to be done it was vital to keep as many doors open as possible. To exclude China irrevocably from the comity of nations would be merely to drive her finally and permanently into the Russian camp.

It was understandable that in America the sincerity of this policy was not completely appreciated. The scale of American casualties in Korea had been infinitely greater than that of the British. America had carried the burden of the fighting while, in the American view, Britain had taken it upon herself to do the lecturing. That Britain could do any trade at all with China whilst American and British soldiers were being killed by the Chinese, shocked many Americans. They believed that it was only done for the crudest of commercial reasons—particularly in order to avoid being pushed out of Hong-Kong. There was something in that, but not quite so much as those indignant persons thought. (American trade with China since the Korean war has been about as great as the British.)

At the same time, America grew angry with

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the neutral and wavering countries of Southeast Asia who would not believe that America was pursuing a great moral crusade but persisted in thinking it immoral to attempt to smash Communism wherever it might be found while claiming this to be an action in support of the non-political United Nations. Asia was, and is, attracted by the Communist suggestion that the American capitalist-imperialists were in reality at war with Asian nationalism and trying to install reactionary régimes in order to thwart it. Britain, although wishing that the Asian neutrals would come off the fence, understood that it was no good adopting a hectoring attitude towards them: they must be coaxed, not bullied.

As the long Korean truce negotiations continued, America seemed to get deeper and deeper into sheer anti-Communism. Her actions were not seen as being motivated by deeply-held or thought-out principles. The strength of her negative anti-Communism carried her into the ludicrous position of propping up the ramshackle and discredited Chiang Kai-Shek administration on Formosa, and allowing this administration to hold itself out as a potential threat to Communist China and to peace throughout Asia. Nothing could have been worse for the West than the maintenance of a Chinese Nationalist force in Burma, supplied with American arms ferried to it in American-owned planes from Chiang Kai-Shek's headquarters in Formosa. No one in Southeast Asia, and not many in Britain, can believe that this force, which had fled across the frontier after its defeat by Mao Tse-Tung, could continue to defy the Burmese Government if America were to order Chiang Kai-Shek to withdraw it to Formosa. The presence of this force has proved an excellent propaganda weapon for the Communists in the whole area: it is referred to as proof positive of sinister American intentions.

It may well be that, in the effort to induce America to be more cautious and conciliatory, Britain has been over-soft in her attitude towards Communist China. But Britain is firmly convinced that her approach has been far more in tune with the atmosphere of Asia than has the American. As American bitterness at the British view—often incorrectly described as "appeasement"—increased, British irritation with American rashness mounted and became tinged with genuine fear that the power groups in America working for an all-out bombardment and blockade of China (and hence for an extension of the Korean conflict into a third world war) might succeed.

The high point came when, without consultation with Britain, power-stations on the Yalu River were bombed in June, 1952. These stations, although located on the Korean side of the river, were vital to Chinese industries in Northwest China. This action seemed needlessly provocative. To American criticisms that Britain should put more troops into the field if she wished to have more say in the conduct of operations, the British reply was that Britain, through her fight against the Communists in Malaya and her responsibilities in the Middle East and throughout the world, was already fully extended in the Cold War. More than that, if a general war were to break out in Asia, British interests would be far more quickly and emphatically threatened than those of America —Malaya and Hong-Kong would go and so would the Commonwealth countries, India and Pakistan, in which Britain has a substantial economic, political, and sentimental concern.

The failure to consult with Britain before the Yalu River bombing put Anglo-American relations on a new high level of distrust. As it turned out, America had not precipitated the dangerous situation which Britain had feared. Immediately after the bombings, the Chinese Communists offered to resume the truce negotiations which had been temporarily broken off. To that extent, the American "strong fist" policy proved better justified than the British "go gently" attitude. But immense damage had been done to Anglo-American relations and the remaining shreds of belief among Asians in American good-sense were dissipated.

Since then it must be admitted that America has made some concessions to British opinion. After maintaining what was generally thought in Britain to be an excessively obstinate attitude on the prisoner-of-war question, she went a

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long way to meet the British and Asian views. But the concessions came clumsily. It was tragic that America had to be induced by British pressure to accept the Indian resolution at U.N.O. on the prisoner-of-war question. Once again that incident reinforced those in Britain who were suspicious of American Far Eastern policy and confirmed Asians in the belief that only Britain could make America behave moderately and reasonably.

These continued differences between America and Britain make it impossible to inspire Asia with any faith in the West. When they see the two principal Western countries divided they have no confidence in their recommendations. America, as the stronger power physically, has been inclined to believe that she could brush aside British arguments and objections without hurting herself. She is quite wrong, particularly so far as concerns the impression made in Asia, where material power may command respect but does not play the principal part in forming views.

Yet Britain and America want broadly the same things. They want Communism to be confined to China, and they want the other Asian countries to wake up to the dangers that face them and to build themselves stable societies which can resist the Communist onslaught from within and without. It all comes down to a matter of approach. Britain, for instance, does not think that it is sufficient, in order to defeat Communism in Southeast Asia, to send arms to the French in Indo-China. Regrettably, the inhabitants of Vietnam believe that Ho Chi Minh and his Communist Vietminh forces are more truly fighting for independence against the colonial French power than the Vietnamese government. India, Burma, and the other countries of Southeast Asia agree, and consequently refuse to recognise Vietnam. Hence the importance of Britain and America persuading France to give absolute independence to Vietnam. The French have just made a substantial move in this direction, but it clearly does not go far enough to satisfy Vietnamese nationalist sentiment.

Granting that conditions must be created in which the Southeast Asian countries will undertake reasonable precautions in their own self-defence against Communism, Britain is convinced that America is going about it the wrong way. To get a country on your side, you must be sympathetic to it. India did not feel that such sympathy was coming from America when the proposal that India should take part in the Korean peace conference was thwarted at U.N.O. by the U.S. For sheer ineptitude in diplomacy, it would be impossible to excel the ill-considered comments made by American representatives on the part played by India in the Korean war. What distresses people in Britain is that America never seems to learn from these mistakes. Not long after India had been rudely kept out of the Korean peace conference, American officials of the United Nations Command were accusing India of pro-Communism in her handling of the Neutral Repatriation Commission's task of supervising the prisoners in Korea. India does her best to be fair and to carry out the agreement made between the United Nations Command and the Communists—America responds by using the sort of language to her that one would expect from Communists but not from a leading nation of the Western world. It is not enough to have power: power must be used discreetly and understandingly.

Nor is Southeast Asia—although disturbed by some Chinese actions, and increasingly aware of the threat implicit to Burma and Siam in the extension of the Communist-sponsored "Free Thai" movement—yet satisfied that China has been given every chance to behave decently. China is seen as being forced by the actions of America to create around herself a ring of satellite states similar to those on the periphery of Russia in Europe. If America recognised Communist China; if Communist China became a member of the United Nations; if some manifestly fair solution were found to the problem of Formosa, and if America did not try to achieve by force the unification of Korea—then the atmosphere would be radically changed. Then Asia would cease to make excuses for China and would not regard her comparatively successful resistance to Western arms as a triumph but as a potential threat to the independence of free Asian nations.

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Once China has been accorded all the trappings of nationhood and treated with as much consideration and respect as any reasonable person could demand, then the attitude of the rest of Asia will harden towards any hint of Chinese aggression. It will then be possible to coax Southeast Asia into creating a similar sort of non-aggressive defensive alliance as that now established in Europe. If each Southeast Asian country were to guarantee the integrity of its neighbours, the Chinese would hesitate before taking any action, direct or indirect, aimed at installing puppet Communist governments. If China were then to affront Asia, American and British assistance would be welcomed as coming from friends and not from intruders.

In addition, Asia expects the West to show its sincerity by giving economic aid proportionate to the amount it is prepared to spend on arms. Only one per cent of the amount of the Western arms budgets, if devoted to the sending of capital equipment to Asia, would transform the economic situation. Or to put it another way: half of the dollars squandered on Chiang Kai-Shek in the last ten years would cause a dramatic change in the Asian standard of living. And if India, for instance, does not increase her standard of living by five per cent in the next fifteen years, she will almost inevitably go Communist: that is the measure of the problem.

It is a problem so huge and complex that the human mind tends to shrink from it as too vast and too vague for comprehension and solution. It is more comfortable for Congressmen at Washington and M.P.'s at Westminster to exchange asperities on each other's Asian policies than it is for them to sit down together, face the facts, and evolve a joint and effective policy. But if they do not combine their efforts, then all the dollars and the political wisdom in the world will not stay the march of Communism in Asia.

II. G. F. HUDSON

THE most striking characteristic of recent history is its speed of movement. Less than four decades separate us today from the world which had not yet seen the carnage and destruction of the First World War. It is only a little over thirty years since the founding of the League of Nations, the establishment of the Weimar Republic in Germany, and the apparent fulfilment of the principle of national self-determination in Central Europe. Only two decades have elapsed since Hitler took office as German Chancellor and twelve years were sufficient for the whole brutal and fantastic career of the Third Reich. And now we are still less than one decade away from the Yalta conference and President Roosevelt's assurance that if only he were to make sufficiently large concessions to the Soviet Union, Stalin "will work with me for a world of peace and democracy." During this brief period since the last great orgy of Western wishful thinking, the number of human beings under the rule of Communist states has increased from the 170 millions of the Soviet population of 1939 to nearly 800 millions in 1953; and a compact bloc of countries, bound together by their common Marxist-Leninist ideology and a system of military alliances, has come to control the greater part of the Eurasian landmass from the Elbe to the Yellow Sea.

With such a prodigious and (at least for some eminent statesmen) unexpected expansion of Communist power, it need be no matter for surprise that many people have not quite been able to keep up mentally with the pace of events. Habits of mind formed in happier days when ideology could generally be left out of account in international politics are not easily discarded, and there is a pull to revert to them whenever some break in the clouds gives the smallest opportunity for belief that the weather is clearing. Since the death of Stalin, in Britain at any rate there has been a strong tendency to forget about the experience of the Cold War, to repudiate any suggestion of "anti-Communism" in world affairs, and

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to assume that in dealing with Communist Russia—and still more in dealing with Communist China—it is really only with limited and separate national interests that we have to reckon. It would, of course, be very agreeable if this were so, and the wish, given the chance, will always be father to any number of pleasing thoughts. Unfortunately we are confronted in the contemporary world with a very ugly reality and our capacity to cope with it depends on an understanding of its true character and modes of operation.

The spread of Communism during the last ten years cannot be interpreted simply either as the purely military expansion of a single state or as a series of purely internal revolutions occurring independently in a number of countries. What has been so baffling to statesmen and diplomats brought up on the traditional law and custom of relations between sovereign states has been the combination of an organised international political movement with the governmental power of a nation or group of nations. When a Soviet official declares that the revolutionary "national liberation movements" of colonial territories are "an organic part of the anti-imperialist democratic camp headed by the Soviet Union," he is in fact claiming for the Kremlin a kind of universal jurisdiction which is incompatible with the principles on which normal international relations are based. It is indeed a challenge which has disturbed the world ever since 1917, but for many years it could be regarded as a nuisance rather than a menace, and in the 'thirties it was eclipsed by the greater aggressiveness of fascism, which likewise made use of "fifth columns," though in a less systematic and comprehensive manner.

It is only within the last ten years that the possibilities latent in the union of Communist internationalism with Soviet state power have been realised on a large scale. The principle on which the Soviet government acted during the critical period just before and just after the end of the Second World War was clearly stated in one of the letters from the Central Committee of the Soviet Union's Communist party to the parallel Communist body in Yugoslavia. It was subsequently published by the Yugoslav government after the break with Moscow. Rebuking the Yugoslav Communists for excessive boasting about their record, the Soviet letter declared:

> Even though the French and Italian Communist parties have so far achieved less success than the Yugoslav Communist party, this is not due to any special qualities of the Yugoslav Communist party, but mainly because . . . the Soviet army came to the aid of the Yugoslav people, crushed the German invader, liberated Belgrade and in this way created the conditions which were necessary for the Yugoslav Communist party to achieve power. *Unfortunately* the Soviet army did not and could not render such assistance to the French and Italian Communist parties. [My italics.]

It would be impossible to have a more candid admission—not, of course, intended for publication at the time it was written—that Soviet policy is, or at any rate was then, to set up Communist governments in other countries wherever military occupation renders it possible to do so. Soviet military occupation was in fact the decisive factor in creating Communist régimes in what are now the Soviet satellite countries of Eastern Europe, as also in North Korea. In the zones of Soviet occupation, the Western democracies were unable to oppose Soviet actions except by occasional diplomatic protests. In two countries, however, there were Communist bids for power outside Soviet occupation zones, and in both cases the principal Western Allies were faced with the question whether a Communist revolution should be regarded as a purely internal affair of the country concerned or whether measures should be taken to thwart it. These two countries were Greece and China.

IN GREECE, in 1944, the Communist-controlled ELAS forces had liquidated the two rival groups in the anti-German resistance movement, and nothing could have stopped them from seizing power in Athens but for the British military intervention. Stettinius, who was American Secretary of State at the time, has related in his memoirs the explanation given to him personally by the British Prime Minister:

> Churchill explained to me at Malta that his position was that if the British had not had troops

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in Greece, the Greek Communists would have taken over the government. The British, he declared, had a definite responsibility not to allow this to happen.

There are several points which call for notice with regard to this intervention in Greece. In the first place, the policy was not only that of the Conservative party in Britain; the Labour party was a partner in the coalition cabinet which approved it, and after Labour took office in 1945 it continued to give strong support to the Greek government in the renewed civil war which went on until 1948. Whether the policy was right or wrong, both the main political parties of Britain share responsibility for it, and it is not open to either to condemn another nation's support for anti-Communist forces simply on the ground that it involves interference in a civil war.

Secondly, it may be recalled that the British intervention in Greece evoked a storm of hostile criticism in the United States at the time and was regarded with extreme disfavour by the American Government. Britain was accused of trying to subdue the Greek people in pursuit of her imperial ambitions. This was the period when American opinion, both official and unofficial, was overwhelmingly pro-Soviet, and there was as yet no thought of using American power or money anywhere to "contain" Communism. More than two years were to pass before American policy radically changed and the "Truman Doctrine" underwrote British support for Greece and Turkey. Britain was in fact first in the field, and America's anti-Communism was a later development.

But why did Britain act against the Greek Communist revolution at all? What did it matter to Britain whether the Communists ruled Greece or not? Surely it was not Britain's business, and if the Communists could obtain effective control of the country, London might have recognised their government and entered into diplomatic relations with it, relying on trade in currants and cocktail parties at the British Legation to keep it friendly to Britain and independent of Moscow. But Sir Winston Churchill and his colleagues in office in 1944 seem to have been convinced that a Communist Greece would be hostile to Britain and, as a member of a Soviet bloc of East European states, a menace to British interests in the Mediterranean. They also, no doubt, calculated that a Communist victory in Greece would add so much to the Soviet pressure on Turkey that Turkey also would be forced into the Soviet orbit. At any rate, they regarded it as essential to prevent the Communists from getting hold of Greece and acted vigorously on that belief.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if General Markos in 1946 had captured Athens and Salonika, while Greek anti-Communist forces continued to hold Crete and the Aegean islands. Would the British Government then have taken the view that the Communist régime must be given *de jure* recognition because it was in effective control of the main part of Greece, and that no further support should be given to its opponents? Or would they have used British seapower to protect the anti-Communist remnant in the islands and prevent their capture by the Communists from the mainland? No certain answer can be given to this question, but it is probable that in reaching a decision British statesmen would have taken into account the moral effect likely to be produced in neighbouring countries by a policy of first helping one's friends and then abandoning them to their fate as soon as the situation became difficult.

IF THE case of China is compared with that of Greece, the most important difference is one of time. Britain intervened decisively in Greece at the end of 1944 and continued to give full support to the Greek government (with America gradually taking over responsibility from the spring of 1947) until the collapse of the Greek Communists following Yugoslavia's defection from the Soviet bloc in 1948. In China, on the other hand, American armed forces were not directly used to help resistance to Communism until the decision to neutralise Formosa in the summer of 1950, nearly five years after the end of the Pacific war and at a time when the whole mainland of China was already in Communist hands. Previous to this, American policy towards China had been one of vacillation and indecision. American marines,

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landed in North China in the autumn of 1945, had orders only to disarm the Japanese and not to interfere in fighting between Chinese factions. Throughout 1945 the foreign policy of the United States, in the Far East as in Europe, was dominated by the pro-Soviet orientation of Roosevelt's "Grand Design"; in consequence the American Government refrained from protesting against the help given by the Soviet Union to the Chinese Communists in Manchuria, and so far from backing Chiang Kai-Shek in his attempt to crush the Communist revolt, it compelled him by economic pressure to conclude a truce with them at a time when his troops were advancing, and to negotiate with them for a coalition government under the mediation of General Marshall. For nearly a year an arms embargo was applied against the Chinese Nationalist Government whereby it was not only denied supplies of arms on subsidy but was even prevented from buying any.

It is widely but erroneously believed in Great Britain that the Chinese Communists won their civil war without any assistance from Russia. As a matter of historical fact, Russian military occupation was used to the advantage of Communism in Manchuria just as it was in East European countries. The Russians turned over to the Chinese Communists the great munition dumps of the Japanese forces in Manchuria which had been surrendered to the Soviet army command; they also, in violation of their specific treaty undertaking to transfer Manchuria to Chiang Kai-Shek's government (which they at that time recognised as the legal government of China), handed over certain vitally important strategic positions to the Communists before the Nationalist forces could reach them. The Russians were, of course, unable to do anything for the Communists south of the Great Wall, where they never had a military occupation, but the help given in Manchuria was a very significant factor in the course of the Chinese civil war.

But even if Chinese Communism had owed nothing to Soviet aid, the case for American action to prevent a post-war Communist revolution in China would still have been as good—or as bad—as the case for the British policy in Greece, where ELAS did not have the benefit of any Soviet occupation. In 1945–46, however, as already pointed out, the American aim was not to help Chiang Kai-Shek against the Communists, but to prevent him from fighting them. Later on, with the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine, American general policy veered round to the principle of "containment," but there was reluctance to apply it to China because the American Chiefs of Staff took the view that Europe must have priority for military aid and that America should avoid commitments in the Far East except for Japan and the Philippines.

ABOUT the beginning of 1950, after resistance to the Communists on the mainland of China had collapsed, official statements in Washington made it clear that both Formosa and South Korea were considered to be outside the American defensive zone in the Pacific and that Communist forces would be allowed to take them without American interference. But it proved politically impossible to maintain this restriction because, between January and June, 1950, a profound change took place in American public opinion and feeling. Just as the intense reactions of British public opinion compelled the Baldwin Cabinet to repudiate the Hoare-Laval pact in 1935 and the Chamberlain Cabinet to reverse the appeasement policy after Hitler's entry into Prague in 1939, so the news of the conclusion of the Soviet-Chinese military alliance after Mao Tse-Tung's visit to Moscow gave a great shock to the American people and produced a state of public feeling which rendered it impossible for President Truman to stand by and do nothing while Formosa and South Korea were overrun. As it happened, the invasion of South Korea preceded any attempt to invade Formosa, but once the storm broke in Korea, the decision to fight in Korea implied also a resolve not to let Formosa fall to the Communists either.

For most Americans, South Korea and Formosa were simply two aspects of one problem—the violent advance of Communism in Asia—and the decision to aid South Korea meant that the United States was going to

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make a stand instead of passively withdrawing. The fact that in Korea there was a clearly defined demarcation line between the rival governments made it juridically possible to regard the North Korean invasion as an act of external aggression, whereas a Chinese Communist attack on Formosa would still have been part of the Chinese civil war. But in reality, as distinct from the legal form, the war in Korea was as much a civil war as the war in China. Intervention in the former became an international undertaking authorised by the United Nations, whereas the protection of Formosa has been a unilateral American policy, but there is more political realism in recognising the interconnection of these two "sectors" than in representing them as totally different issues.

The outcome of events since 1945 is that Communist and anti-Communist governments continue to confront each other in both China and Korea, but whereas in Korea their respective territories are approximately equal, the territorial ratio in China is overwhelmingly in favour of the Communists; even so, Formosa is an island with a larger population than Eire or Norway. It is a fact that Communism has captured North Korea and the mainland of China; it is equally a fact that it has failed to capture South Korea and Formosa. Peace in the Far East is only possible on the basis of recognition of these facts, but the recognition must operate both ways. There is no prospect in present circumstances of a peaceful unification of Korea; the two sides are too incompatible to amalgamate and neither has been able to subdue the other. There will have to be still a North Korean and a South Korean state. In China the "People's Republic" will sooner or later have to be recognised internationally and be given China's seat in the United Nations, but there is no reason why a régime which is based on successful violence should be awarded as of right something—in this case, Formosa—which its violence has failed to take.

The only way whereby American recognition of the Chinese People's Republic can be reconciled with American protection of Formosa is by the formal recognition of Formosa as an independent state. This would correspond to the fact that the Nationalist government effectively controls the island of Formosa under the protection of the United States, just as the Communist government effectively controls the mainland as an economically and militarily dependent ally of the Soviet Union. And if it is argued that the People's Republic has a superior moral and legal right to Formosa because it already possesses the rest of China, it is not irrelevant, from this same moral and legal point of view, that it has been waging war for three years against the United Nations and has been designated an aggressor by decision of the Assembly.

When a peace settlement is reached over Korea, American neutralisation of Formosa ought again to be operative both ways, as it was before President Eisenhower made it a one-way barrier. But the importance of Formosa—except in the event of a world war—is political rather than strategic. Nobody seriously believes that, as things are now, the Kuomintang could invade the Chinese mainland with any hope of success. But even without military operations, Nationalist Formosa will continue to be a thorn in the Communist side just because it is a piece of China which remains outside Peking's monopoly of politics, education, and propaganda. Whether in its present indeterminate status or as a separate state, Formosa will remain a Chinese, and not a foreign, opposition to Chinese Communism, and one which does not consist of refugees in foreign countries, but is established on Chinese soil. As long as Formosa remains unsubdued, the Communist victory in China is not absolute in the sense that the capture of Poland or Czechoslovakia may be regarded as absolute. After all, if a fascist dictatorship were to be set up in Britain, it would make some difference if resistance forces continued to hold the Scottish isles and could broadcast to the British people from Kirkwall.

MOREOVER, Formosa can be made a centre of positive, as well as merely negative, anti-Communism; if the Americans take the job seriously, and if the Nationalists cooperate, it may become a display-ground for what an

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Asian administration can do with Point Four aid. It is, no doubt, a big "if," but to argue dogmatically that there cannot be any regeneration in Formosa is really to be defeatist about non-Communist Asia in general, for if account is taken of the conditions which existed in China in 1945 after eight years of devastating foreign invasion, the Kuomintang rule was fairly typical of governments of under-industrialised, poverty-stricken Eastern countries without traditions of political democracy. If the Kuomintang is beyond redemption, so also are many other régimes which differ from it only in that they have not hitherto had to cope with similar crises.

But already there have been encouraging signs of reform on the Nationalist side. There is reliable testimony that Formosa has been decently administered over the last three years, and that Taipeh today is a very different place from the Chungking of 1944 or the Nanking of 1948. The carpet-baggers who gave the régime such a bad name just after the end of the Pacific war did not go to Formosa; they had no stomach for a last-ditch resistance in a remote island where they might be caught by a Communist take-over, and they are now more likely to be found living on their accumulated foreign bank balances in Paris or New York. The men who have gone to Formosa, and others who may in the future join them to escape "brain-washing" under Mao Tse-Tung, should be given a chance. If they are eliminated, it will mean that the most numerous nation in the world—a nation whose development is of supreme importance for the future of mankind—will be moulded by Marxist-Leninist thought-control without the possibility of opposition or criticism except from foreigners or exiles abroad, and it is difficult to understand how anyone who is not on the Communist side in the Cold War can regard such a prospect with equanimity. The general British indifference to what has happened in China is due not so much to a wise broad-mindedness as to a feeling that China is a long way off and not very important. Obviously, there would be much less detachment and resignation in Britain if M. Thorez were to come to power in France.

There is, of course, always the argument that Peking may quarrel with Moscow, and that any Western action which annoys the Chinese Communists can only drive them closer to Russia. There is also the attitude of India and other Asian countries to be considered, and it is a fact that sentiments of pan-Asian solidarity and of struggle against yesterday's Western imperialism incline these countries towards sympathy with Communist China as a victim of Western interference. But neither of these considerations requires abandonment of a policy of supporting resistance to Communism, wherever there is such resistance. The West should be ready to take advantage of any Russo-Chinese rift if it occurs, but to base policy on such a hope would be like relying on luck in football pools for a means of livelihood.

The preservation of Nationalist Formosa and similar measures may for the time being be unpopular in parts of Asia not yet directly threatened by Communism, but if further crises arise in the future, it will be much more dangerous if political leaders faced with difficult decisions have to remember that America sold out, in order to make a deal with the enemy, a government and army which had been under her protection. The policy of containing Communism has its risks and its complications, but if it is adopted at all, it should be applied consistently. Certainly the British nation, with its record of intervention in Greece, cannot afford to throw stones at America for being "anti-Communist" in the Far East. Rather it should be grateful that the United States has assumed so much responsibility in that region of the world and has posted notices on threatened boundary lines: "Thus far and no further."

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Arthur Waley

The Hymn of the Soul

WHEN I was a little child
Living in my kingdom, in my father's house,
Happy with the wealth and rank
Of those that reared me—
From the East, our home,
My parents sent me out.
The treasures of our store-room
They tied for me in a bundle;
Large, yet so light
That I could carry it in my hands:
Gold of Beth-Ellaye,
Silver of Gazzak the Great,
Rubies of Hind,
Agates of Beth Kashan;
And at my belt was tied *adamas*,
That can crush iron.
And they took off the glittering robe
That in their love they had made for me,
And my purple cloak
That was measured and woven to my stature,
And they made a pact with me,
And lest I should forget
They wrote it on my heart:
"If you go down into Egypt
And bring that only pearl
That is in the midst of the sea,
Guarded by the snorting dragon,
Then you shall put on again your glittering robe
And the cloak that you delight in,
And with your brother, next in rank,
Be heir to our kingdom."

I LEFT the East, and went down,
And there were two couriers with me,
For the way was dangerous and hard to find,
And I was young to take it.
I passed the borders of Maishan, the meeting place
Of the merchants of the East.
I came to the land of Babel,
I entered the walls of Sarbug.
I went down into Egypt,
And my companions left me.
I went to the place of the dragon;
I lived close to his lair;
Waiting till he should be asleep,
So that I might take the pearl from him.
I was quite alone,
A stranger to those with whom I lived.
Then one of my own race, a freeman,
A man of the East I saw,
A youth fresh and comely,
A son of chieftains.
He came to me and was my friend;
I made him partner in my quest,
Warning him against the Egyptians,
Against consorting with the unclean.
But I wore a dress like theirs
Lest they should scorn me as a stranger,
Lest when I went to take the pearl
They should rouse up the dragon against me.
But whether by this means or that
They saw I was not their countryman.
They dealt with me cunningly,
They gave me their food to eat.
Then I forgot I was a son of kings,
And served their king.
I forgot the pearl
For which my parents had sent me.
The burden of their food lay heavy on me,
And I fell into a deep sleep.
But all that had happened to me
My parents knew, and were very sad.
There was made a proclamation in our Kingdom
That all should hasten to our gate,
Kings and princes of Parthia—
All the nobles of the East.

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They made a plan to save me,
That I might not be left in Egypt.
They wrote a letter to me
And every noble put his name to it:
"From your father, king of kings,
And your mother, mistress of the East,
From your brother, next-in-rank,
To our son in Egypt, greeting!
Rise up from your sleep and listen
To the words of our letter.
Remember that you are a son of kings;
See to what slavery you stoop!
Remember the pearl
For which you hurried to Egypt,
Think of the glittering robe,
Recall your glorious cloak
That you shall wear again as your finery
When in the list of the valiant
Your name is cited,
With your brother, our next-of-rank,
You shall be heir in our Kingdom."
My letter! A letter from the king,
Sealed with his own right hand
That it might be safe from the wicked,
The children of Babel and the cruel demons
of Sarbug.
It flew in the likeness of an eagle,
King of all birds;
It flew and lighted beside me
And became all speech.
At its voice and the sound of its rustling
I started and rose from my sleep.
I took it up and kissed it
And loosened the seal and read;
And according to what was traced on my
heart
Were the words of the letter written.
I remembered I was the son of kings;
I missed my free estate,
I remembered the pearl
For which I had been sent into Egypt,
And I laid a charm on the terrible one,
The snorting dragon;
I hushed him to sleep, lulled him to slumber,
For my father's name I named over him
And the name of our next-in-rank,
And of my mother, queen of the East.
I snatched away the pearl
And turned to go back to my father's house.
Their filthy and unclean dress
I stripped off and left in their country;
I took my way straight back
To the light of our home, the East.
And my letter, my awakener,
I found before me on the road;
And as with its voice it had roused me
So with its light it led me on.
Dweller in silk,
It shone before me with its form;
With its voice and guidance
It quickened me on my path,
With its love it drew me on.
I went forth and passed by Sarbug,
I left Babel on my left hand
And reached Maishan the great,
The harbour of the merchants,
That sits upon the shore of the sea.
And my bright robe that I had stripped off
And the cloak it was wrapped in
From Ramtha-Reken my parents sent to me
By the hand of treasurers
Whose faithfulness they trusted.
I had forgotten how it was fashioned,
For I was a child when I left it
At my father's house.
And now as I came towards it
The dress seemed to me
Like a mirror of myself.
I saw in it all my whole self;
I went to myself in going to it.
We were two in distinction,
Yet one in likeness.
And the treasurers, too, who brought it
I saw in like manner
That they were two, yet one likeness;
For one kingly sign was graven on them,
As on the hands of him that had restored it
to me.
Here was my treasure, my wealth,
My bright embroidered robe,
Gay with many colours.
With gold, beryls, rubies and agates
And sardonyx of every hue,
Skilfully worked in its high home.
With stones of *adamas*
All its seams were fastened,
And the picture of the king of kings
Was embroidered all over it.
And like the sapphire-stone
Were its many hues.

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And again I saw that all over it
The motions of knowledge were quivering.
And I saw it making ready
As though it would speak to me.
I heard the sound of its voice
As it spoke to those that brought it down:

"I AM the active in deeds
(Whom they reared for him before my father;)*
I perceived in myself that my nature
Grew according to his labours."
And in its kingly movements
It poured itself out over me,
And on the hand of the givers
It hastened, that I might take it.
And love urged me on,
That I should run to meet it and receive it.
I stretched out my hand and took it
With the beauty of its colours I clothed myself.
My cloak of bright colours
I cast round me in its whole breadth.
I dressed in it, I went up
To the gate of greeting and homage,
To the Majesty† of my father who sent it to me;
For I had done his commandment
And he too had done what he promised.
And at the gate of his princes
I mingled with his nobles
For he rejoiced in me and welcomed me,
And I was back with him in his kingdom;
For with the voice of praise all his servants glorify him.
And now they promised that to the door
Of the king of kings I should be brought;
That bringing my gift and my pearl
I should come before the king.

* Unintelligible both in Greek and the Syriac.

† *Ziwa*, the sign of kingship.

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Letters to S. S. Koteliansky

[NOTE: These letters are selected from nearly four hundred written by D. H. Lawrence to S. S. Koteliansky, from 1914 until 1930, the year of Lawrence's death.—Ed.]

Greatham,
Pulborough,
Sussex

Thursday [Postmark April or May, 1915]

My dear Kot,

B has just gone. I like her, but she gets on my nerves with her eternal: "but *do* you think"—"but, look here, *isn't* it rather that. . . ." I want to say: "For God's sake woman, stop haggling." And she is so deprecating, and so persistent. Oh God! But—*basta*!

I must tell you, *caro mio*, that I liked you very much while you were here. You must continue to be patient with me.

But you positively *must not* be so inert. You are getting simply a monolith. You *must* rouse yourself. You *must* do something—anything. Really it is a disgrace to be as inert as you are. Really, it is unforgivable. Write for the papers, do anything, but don't continue in this negation.

I think I shall send you my philosophy to type again for me. I have begun it again. I will not tell them, the people, this time that they are angels in disguise. Curse them, I will tell them they are dogs and swine, bloodsuckers.

I will send you *The Idiot* to read.

Will you type my philosophy again?—one copy only this time, on common paper? I shall have to get it done somewhere or other. But if the burden on you, monolith, is too great, then refuse.

I have been fighting the powers of darkness lately. Still they prevail with me. But I have more or less got my head out of the inferno, my body will follow later. How one has to struggle, really, to overcome this cursed blackness. It would do me so much good if I could kill a few people.

Is Katharine* at home, or have you heard from her? And how is Murry? I will write to him. I feel all right again towards him. My spleen has worked itself off.

I am still in bed with my cold. It is a sort of cold in my inside—like a sore throat in one's stomach. Do you understand? I am going to stay in bed till it is better. Thank God B isn't here to nag me—poor thing.

My dear Kot, now that the spring has come, *do* rouse up, and *don't* be sad and inert. It is so terrible to be such a weight upon the face of the earth. But you were almost all right this time you were here. Next time you must come when nobody else is here.

Frieda sends her love, with mine. I am reading the Dostoevsky letters. What an amazing person he was—a pure introvert, a purely disintegrating will—there was not a grain of the passion of love within him—all the passion of hate, of evil. Yet a great man. It has become, I think, now, a supreme wickedness to set up a Christ worship as Dostoevsky did: it is the outcome of an evil will, disguising itself in terms of love.

But he is a great man and I have the greatest admiration for him. I even feel a sort of subterranean love for him. But he never, never wanted anybody to love him, to come close to him. He exerted repelling influence on everybody.

Write to me soon—Yrs.

* Katherine Mansfield. D. H. L. always called her, and spelt her name as, Katharine.

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Porthcothan
St. Merryn
Padstow,
Cornwall

Thursday [Postmark 7th January, 1916]

My dear Kot,

Well, I am willing to believe that there isn't any Florida—*assez, j'en ai soupé*. I am willing to give up people altogether—they are what they are, why should they be as I want them to be. It is their affair, not mine: English individualists or not individualists, it is all the same to me. I give it up. *Je n'en peux plus*. And the same with the world: it is what it is; what has it to do with me, or I with it? I admit it all: you are right: there's no *rapport*.

There is my intimate art, and my thoughts, as you say. Very good, so be it. It is enough, more than enough, if they will only leave me alone.

As for their world, it is like artificial lights that are blown out—one can only remember it. I can't see it or hear it or feel it any more—it must be all blown out to extinction. There is another world, a sort of rarer reality: a world with thin, clean air and untouched skies, that have not been looked at nor covered with smoke. There is another world, which I prefer. And I don't care about any people, none, so long as they won't try to claim attention from me. The world goes on, the old world, very much like a sordid brawl in last night's café-restaurant: like an ugly thing which one remembers in the morning, but which is non-existent. It is non-existent: their wars and lies and foulnesses: last night's sordidness. What has morning got to do with it.

I like being here. I like the rough seas and this bare country, King Arthur's country, of the flicker of pre-christian celtic civilisation. I like it very much.

We are here till March: what then, I neither know nor care. I shall just go where the wind blows me, the wind of my own world. I am not going to urge and constrain any more: there are no people here in this world, to be urged. My dear Kot, it is very nice down here, in Cornwall. Some day you must come and see us.

Yours

Porthcothan,
St. Merryn,
North Cornwall
15 Feb. 1916

My dear Kot,

Thank you very much for the paper. I send you a p.o. for 5*s*., to pay for it, and for things for which I shall be asking you shortly. And that bold Frieda asked for Kümmel, for which I abused her. But I like Kümmel very much. Don't be jealous of the Ottoline's sendings: they were only vile essences and extracts and plasmon: but they do me good. I am much better but still a sufferer.

If I had the energy I should tirade you about Dostoevsky. He has lost his spell over me: I was bored by *The Possessed*. The people were not possessed enough to be really interesting: Stavrogin is a bore. He was only interesting when he bit the old man's ear. Pyotr Stepanovitch was *nearly* interesting. The two most interesting are Varvaza and Stepan Trofimovitch—their relation was good and subtle. I thought *The Idiot* far better than *Possessed*, also *Karamazov*.

I could do with Dostoevsky if he did not make all men fallen angels. We are not angels. It is a tiresome conceit. Men want to be Sadist, or they don't. If they do, well and good. There's no need to drag in the fallen angel touch to save ourselves in our own sight. I am most sick of this divinity-of-man business. People are *not important*: I insist on it. It doesn't matter what Stavrogin does, nor whether he lives or dies. I am quite unmoved when he commits suicide. It is his affair. It bores me. People are so self important. Let them die, silly blighters, fools, and twopenny knaves.

I have sent off to the publishers the MS. of a book of poems. I am once more in the middle of my philosophy. My dear Kot, this time at last I have *got* it. Now you would not tell me, if you read it, that I shall write it again. This time, my dear Kot, I have put salt on its tail: I've caught the rabbit: like the old hare in Tartarin. My dear Kot, it is the new word, at last.

I know you don't believe me, but it doesn't alter it.

My dear Kot, I feel anti-social. I want to blow the wings off these fallen angels. I want

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to bust 'em up. I feel that everything I do is a shot at these fallen angels of mankind. Wing the brutes. If only one could be a pirate or a brigand nowadays, an outlaw, to rob the angels and hang them on a tree. But long-distance guns have stopped all that jolly game.

We are going to look for another house down here. The wind blows terribly, the house shudders, for all its thick old walls. The sea bursts high in towers of foam. We leave here March 8th. I suppose it will be in the next house that you will come and see us. But come before, come here to this house, if you are ready.

Yours

Higher Tregerthen,
Zennor,
St. Ives,
Cornwall

Monday [Postmark 4th September, 1916]

My dear Kot,

Both your letters came this morning. Your "Dostoevsky evening" gives me a queer contraction of the heart. It frightens me. When I think of London, the Café Royal—you actually there, and Katharine—terror overcomes me, and I take to my heels, and hide myself in a bush. It is a real feeling of horror. I dare not come to London, for my life. It is like walking into some horrible gas, which tears one's lungs. Really—*Delenda est Carthago*.

I don't believe they will conscript you, in the end. For some reason, I think they will leave alone the Jews and the Russians. Surely they have got their mouths as full of conscripted England, as they can chew. I must say I hate mankind—talking of hatred, I have got a perfect androphobia. When I see people in the distance, walking along the path through the fields to Zennor, I want to crouch in the bushes and shoot them silently with invisible arrows of death. I think truly the only righteousness is the destruction of mankind, as in Sodom. Fire and brimstone should fall down.

But I don't want even to hate them—I only want to be in another world than they. Here, it is almost as if one lived on a star, there is a great space of sky and sea in front, in spirit one can circle in space and have the joy of pure motion. But they creep in, the obstructions, the people, like bugs they creep invidiously in, and they are too many to crush. I see them—fat men in white flannel trousers—*père de famille*—and the *familles* passing along the field-path and looking at the scenery. Oh, if one could but have a great box of insect powder, and shake it over them, in the heavens, and exterminate them. Only to clear and cleanse and purify the beautiful earth, and give room for some truth and pure living.

Perhaps after all we shall prevail over the creeping multitudes. The weather will soon wash them back from these coasts. If only the war ended, you could come and stay here. *Devise some job* that will let you out of that Bureau.

Write and tell me what Katharine is doing in London: also Jack. I wrote to him very disagreeably, and said I wanted him to leave me alone entirely. But I feel myself relenting, and a little sorrow coming over my heart.

The heather is all in blossom: there are very many blackberries heavy on the briars: we got some mushrooms on the cliffs yesterday, small and round in the close grass: the sea was very beautiful, dark, dark blue, with heavy white foam swinging at the rocks. If only one had the world *to oneself*! If only there were not more than one hundred people in Great Britain!—all the rest clear space, grass and trees and stone! Where is our *Rananim*? If only we had had the courage to find it and create it, two years ago. Perhaps it is not utterly too late.

I'm glad you are not going to Garsington. The place is very bad, really. Don't say anything to the Murrys, of what I say. I think he and she should ultimately stick together—but there is so much in their mutual relationship that must pass away first. Oh dear, how weary things make one.

Greetings from Frieda and me

Ardnaree,
Kandy,
Ceylon.
17 April, 1922

My dear Kot,

I had your letter. You are right, Ceylon is too hot. One sweats and sweats, and gets thinner and thinner. I am not staying. We are sailing next Monday, 24th, for West Australia—

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the address c/o Mrs. Jenkins, Strawberry Hill, Perth, West Australia. It has been lovely to *see* Ceylon. But I feel the East is not for me. It seems to me the life drains away from one here. The old people here say just the same: they say it is the natives that drain the life out of one, and that's how it seems to me. One could quite easily sink into a kind of apathy, like a lotus on a muddy pond, indifferent to anything. And that apparently is the lure of the east: this peculiar stagnant apathy where one doesn't bother about a thing, but drifts on from minute to minute. I am not at all sure that we shall like Australia either. But it seems to be en route. We shall stay with the Jenkins for a time: if we don't care for that, go on to Sydney. I am taking a ticket to Sydney, as it only costs £6 more. And then after trying Sydney and New South Wales, if I don't like that we shall go across the Pacific to San Francisco, and then I shall have to sit down and earn some money to take the next stride, for I shall be blued. But I don't care. Now I have started, I will go on and on till I am more or less sure. And if I like none of the places I shall come back to Europe with my mind made up, and settle down permanently in England or Italy. So there's the programme.

Of course one doesn't work here at all—never would.

I send you a little Kandy brass tray *via* my sister. I hope it won't take long for you to get it: if the post doesn't swallow it. The lion is supposed to be a Buddha symbol, but it might just as well be the lion of Judah. By the way I detest Buddha, upon a slight contact: affects me like a mud pool that has no bottom to it. —One learns to value what one actually knows and possesses, and to have a wholesome indifference to strange gods. Anyhow these little rat-hole Buddhist temples turn my stomach.

Well, next from Australia.

Yrs.

"Wyework,"
Thirroul,
N.S.W.
9 July, 1922

My dear Kot,

I had your letter, and the Bunin book next day. But not the Countess Tolstoi's Reminiscences.

What a pretty cover Bunin has! But the tales are not very good: "Gentleman" is much the best.

You should have had *Sea and Sardinia* and *Aaron's Rod* by now: unless Martin Secker is playing me dodges and not sending out the presentation copies as I asked. I shall be able to read the famous *Ulysses* when I get to America. I doubt he's a trickster.

We still propose sailing on August 10th by the *Tahiti*, to San Francisco: arrive September 4. Send me a line and tell me all the happenings. I heard from a friend in Paris that the Bunin book was noticed in the *Times*. What was the notice like? I had Cath. Carswell's *Camomile* here: slight, but good, I thought. What are the notices of that? By the way, don't you think Secker ought to try that Shestov again now? You press him about it, and I'll write him too. It would certainly sell some now.

I have nearly finished my novel here—but such a novel! Even the Ulysseans will spit at it.

There is a great fascination in Australia. But for the remains of a fighting conscience, I would stay. One can be so absolutely indifferent to the world one has been previously condemned to. It is rather like falling out of a picture and finding oneself on the floor, with all the gods and men left behind in the picture. If I stayed here six months I should have to stay for ever—there is something so remote and far off and utterly indifferent to our European world, in the very air. I should go a bit further away from Sydney, and go "bush." We don't know one single soul—not a soul comes to the house. And I can't tell you how I like it. I could live like that forever: and drop writing, even a letter: sort of come undone from everything. But my conscience tells me not yet. So we go to the States—to stay as long as we feel like it. But to England I do not want to return. Though no, I don't think you flatter me. I do think I've got more in me than all those fluttering people, good and bad, in London. But they are *antipatico*. They are distasteful to me.

Write me a line, c/o Mountsier—or else just to Taos, New Mexico, U.S.A.

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Greet Grisha and Sonya and the tall Ghita, and starve Fox for one day, for my sake.

Yrs.

Hotel Garcia,
Guadalajara,
Jal.
10 November, 1923

We keep on trying for ships, but nothing so far. We should like to sail from Manzanitto through the Panama Canal: it still may be possible to find a tramp steamer. If not, we shall go to Mexico City and get the first regular boat that goes out of Vera Cruz, if that infernal port is open: if not, Tampico. I'm not keen on going to Tampico, because of the fever. And I feel I simply can't look at the U.S.A. again, just yet.—The quickest steamers are the Dutch and the Hamburg Amerika—they take three weeks to Southampton or Plymouth.

Mexico is still very attractive and a very good place to live in: it is not tame. Sometimes here in Guadalajara one sees the wild Guichilote Indians, with their bows and arrows and hardly any clothing. They look so queer, like animals from another world, in the Plaza listening to the band. We've had several thunder showers, but the sky is blue and bright again. I like the plain round Guadalajara, with the mountains here and there around. I like it better than the lake. The lake is too shut in. —The barranca also is very impressive—you never saw that.—I still wish I was staying the winter on a ranch somewhere not far from this city. I still don't believe in Europe, England, efforts, restfulness, Adelphis or any of that. The egg is addled. But I'll come back to say how do you do! to it all.

tanti saluti

Enclose note from Mabel Luhan. She says she still has hopes we might live in contact. *Quien sabe! Manan es otro diu.*

Villa Mirenda,
Scandicci,
Florence
13 June, 1927

My dear Kot,

Your letter today! No luck with Rozanov! I'm sorry! But not surprised. What dirty rag of a paper would dare print the review! The world goes from bad to worse. But cheer up, we're not dead yet!

Maria Huxley came yesterday, with the Franchettis. He is a Jew, Barone Luigi—and as rich as croesus. He plays the piano very well, and is quite nice—but I agree entirely—I have absolutely no basic sympathy with people of "assured incomes." All words become a lie, in their mouth, in their ears also. I *loathe* rich people.

We are going on Wed. for a couple of days with Maria to Forte dei Marmi—north of Pisa, not very far from here. Aldous did not come in to Florence with Maria, as he is working very hard, to finish a book by July. God help him—Sullivan arrives there—at the Huxleys—on Monday—20th—but we shall be back here by then. Two days is enough.—Perhaps Maria will bring him over—Sullivan —to see us. I should like to see him, because of associations, but I no longer expect to care about people, one way or another.

I am working at my Etruscan book—a piece of hopeless unpopularity, as far as I can see. But the pictures may help it. We shall probably do a bit of a tour to Etruscan places when we get back from the Huxleys.—I think we shall be here till end of July—though the weather is queer and uncertain.

I feel a bit like you: nothing nice ever happens, or ever will happen. I dreamed I was made head of a school somewhere, I think, in Canada. I felt so queer about it: such a vivid dream—that I half wonder if it is *my* destiny! A job!—But I manage to make a living still.

I feel sometimes tempted to go back to America. Europe is like a dying pig uttering a long, infinitely-conceited squeak. At least America isn't so depressing. I feel tempted to go, in the autumn.

I wish you would go and see Milly Beveridge —she too was at *David** and the discussion— and she had a little house here this spring. The address is 20 Rossetti Garden Mansions, S.W.3—you remember we had 25 last summer.

* D. H. L.'s play *David*.

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She is nice and intelligent—not young—has an assured income but not a very big one—paints—and I like her, and I think you would. Ring her up one morning about 10.0, and go to tea with her. I told her I'd tell you.

Suddenly pouring with rain. It'll be no fun motoring to Forte if it continues. I'll let you know what the visit was like.

Poor Ottoline! I really begin to sympathise with her. I shall write a book from *her* point of view—all the little artists coming—etc.—etc. That Turner is small beer: may even be successful small beer. . . .

Brett flourished in Taos—has a fine motor-car of her own, which she drives herself—two horses, which she rides—and fell off lately—and exhibits pictures in the "hotel" which cause a "furore." She is furious because we don't go out there—but really, these wonderful women begin to scare my soul.

I'll tell you any news if any crops up. Meanwhile it's a desert.

Greet everybody from me

Where did Murry get the *Adelphi* money, do you know? And is he yet come to Italy? The *Calendar* is in all probability dying next month.

Villa Mirenda,
Scandicci
Florence,
8 Dec.

[Postmark Firenze, 8th December, 1927]

My dear Kot,

I was very much distressed to hear about Ghita—but thankful there'll be no ill consequences. I hope by now you've got her safely at the Cave, and she's about well, and all serene. Damn all motor cars: and I hope they've got to pay good substantial damages.

I suppose the Cave is not being abandoned, after all?

About the printing—dear Kot, what *is* the good of beginning with just one? My novel I'm writing all over again, so that's in abeyance. But *how* can you begin the little books with just me? You'd begin and you'd end there. You've just got to *wring* a few MSS. out of people, if you're going to start. The worst of it is, what people? They've all commercial contracts.

Have you seen the German magazine *Querschnitt*? It's a very good modern-popular sort of magazine. I believe, if one were going to do anything new and popular today, one would have to be quite bold, jump in with two feet, be unconventional, improper at times, print good nude pictures, and give the thing a *kick*. There's absolutely no public for merely "good" stuff: there really isn't. The public wants pictures, and bits of text. But *live* pictures. I'll send you a copy of *Querschnitt*. The good Jehovah has got to be a bit of a devil if he's going to do anything today. You'd far more easily find artists and draughtsmen for a magazine, than writers. Then the text becomes subsidiary—all the better—and you can put in snappy things of all sorts.

If we don't go to the ranch in the spring, I think we really shall go to Ireland.

Can you get from Gertler any explanation of D's curious behaviour? He wrote very warmly in Sept. asking us to go to Egypt. I replied we'd like to, if we could. And since then, not a word from him—only a note from her, saying she hadn't been able to think of journeys—and evidently not badly wanting us. She's a perfect right not to want us—but then in mere politeness he should answer my letter, and say, do we mind putting the thing off. I'm surprised at his lack of manners. But I suppose there was some mischief made somewhere. However, I was polite, and so can they be.

I expect we'll be here for Christmas—weather dull, most other things too.

Hotel Beau Rivage,
Bandol.
18 Jan. 1929

Dear Kot,

Lahr wrote tonight his plan of having *Lady C.* printed in Berlin or Vienna, and having orders go to Orioli and be forwarded from Florence to Berlin. In some ways it is good, but as you suggest, I want to get the thing *finished* at Florence. Orioli is going to publish a story by Norman Douglas, and a translated

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cook-book by Faith Mackenzie, and he'd just get into a muddle. So we must leave him out of count. If we were going to print in Berlin, it would, in my opinion, be better to have someone there to receive orders. I have a cousin there married to a German, Max Hunger, who spent most of his younger life in England—he would probably do it—though I am not keen to ask him. And would the English want to send orders to Berlin? I suppose so. Lahr said his friend Ehrenstein would do the dispatching of orders. Did you see him? What do you think of the German plan, anyhow? I should like to get out another edition, *as quickly as possible.* Do you think 15*s.* about right for price?

I wondered once if you'd like to go to Paris and do the thing—and we could arrange it all between us. But probably you wouldn't want to. And perhaps there'd be passport difficulties.

Did you get the copy of the second edition which Orioli sent you, as my Christmas card? You don't mention it—so I hope it's not gone lost. Six copies were also sent to Pollinger, and *he* hasn't acknowledged them. And six copies of the *first edition* were sent to Mrs. Brigit Patmore, to hold for me, and though I have written to her, I get no word from her. Would you mind ringing her up, if she is on the telephone—and then if she's got the six copies, perhaps you would call and take them over to Lahr, for him to keep, as it is just near. The address is 4 Milman Street, Bedford Row. Did you meet Brigit Patmore in Mecklenburgh Square days?

I'm a little afraid now of mail difficulties, till I hear that your copy, and Brigit Patmore's and Pollinger's are safely arrived. I hear that the police stopped a copy of Douglas' Limericks in the post, and the Chief of Police went to interview the man it was addressed to, somewhere in Sussex. But then I think the limericks are just indecent. Why didn't Douglas keep them out of the post?—so bad for everybody else.

Stephenson is rushing round getting his new thing started. He won't print any ordinary Mandrake books till autumn, but go and see him if you wish—or, when I write to him—he's supposed to be sending me a colour-proof of one of my pictures—I will remind him to see you about Rozanov. I thought it best to let him get going first.

I'm not sending any copies to my sister till I hear the post is really safe. But do, if you can, take those six copies from Brigit—I hope she's got them safely.

Orioli sent 10 copies 2nd edition and 2 copies first edition to Sylvia Beach, Paris, just after Christmas. The first arrived and are sold—but the second have not arrived—they are lost somewhere. I have asked Orioli to start enquiries. I do hope the post won't go wrong.

Bitter cold wind here, hard frosts at night, but sunny days. I hear London is dismal. You might really enjoy going to Paris and taking two rooms and Publishing the Paris edition of Lady C.

Frieda sent to Barbara Weekly your comments on her ! !—which I heartily agree with. I wonder if perhaps the French are getting a bit scared of English "improper" books printed in their country. Perhaps they are. The MS. I sent from here seems to be held up too. I sent copies of my poems *Pansies* to Pollinger twelve days ago, and they are not there yet. Perhaps the German idea is best—France getting uneasy.

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J. Maclaren-Ross

Monsieur L'Abbé

I CAN see him plainly after thirty years, Monsieur l'Abbé: a sturdy man of middle height, with a stern, plump, clerical face, shining slightly blue about the jowls. He came of peasant stock and had the strength of a bull: in winter, when the water-tank in the grounds froze into a solid block of ice and the earth itself gave out, under our boots, a ring like iron, he felled trees and chopped them into logs for the stove himself, wielding his axe with the precision of a professional woodcutter, the skirts of his black soutane tucked neatly up around his waist as he skipped nimbly to and fro.

There were no other masters at the school: personal tuition and supervision, it said in the prospectus, and Monsieur l'Abbé was a man of his word. He taught all subjects personally, correcting the exercise books but adding up the marks on separate sheets of paper to be sent home monthly to the parents: the results were never shown to us, lest the sins of pride or, more likely, despair be occasioned thereby. The Abbé even conducted the drawing lesson, though it is doubtful whether he himself could sketch; in the intervals of these tasks, he ministered to our spiritual needs, prepared pupils for their first communion, said Mass in the chapel, and wrote thundering sermons which he preached, on alternate Sundays, in the local church.

He had enormous vitality and an explosive temper that burst out suddenly in shouts of *Chameau* and *Bon Sang* (the only expletive he indulged in); once he knocked me clean off the form with an open-handed buffet on the side of the head. Punishments, however, were administered in cold blood and always in the same manner: the offending pupil stood facing the Abbé roughly in the attitude of attention, one hand extended, the fingertips bunched together. On these the Abbé then brought down a special ruler whose end was split, to afford greater pain. To flinch earned one another couple of strokes: stoicism was the order of the day, tears absolutely out of the question. The ruler made a terrifying swish through the air as it descended, and the agony was intense; one's hand trembled for hours afterwards (it was always the left hand, since the right was required to write out the lines in Latin which were awarded as an additional punishment).

In the case of Dallo, who was left-handed, the process was reversed: he was a backward scholar and came in for it a good deal. Whenever the Abbé happened to leave the classroom, he used to conjugate irregular verbs aloud, at the top of his voice, *je vais, tu vas, il va, nous allons, vous allez, ils vont*, as an aid to memory, his eyes rolled up in an agony of apprehension, as though he were about to fall in a fit. (Thus I was to hear, seventeen years later, recruits in an army depot mugging up the Bren Gun period, repeating over and over in monotonous rhythm, *the barrel-nut-retainer-plunger, the gas-cylinder-locking-bar.*) This habit of Dallo's annoyed us: it disturbed our own concentration. As soon as he banged his book shut and started to bawl out his version of the lesson, we turned with one accord and threw things at him: it was for heaving an india-rubber at his head and hitting the Abbé, as he entered unexpectedly, instead, that I got knocked off the form.

THE school, called the Chalet, was the first I ever attended: built on a plateau, the

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grounds overlooking a Bay, it was not nearly so bad as the one my father had inspected earlier, on deciding that, like my brother before me, I was to receive a Catholic and continental education. This initial establishment was run by a Curé at Grasse, where the perfumes come from. It was perched on a precipice and to reach it my father toiled up a goat track, in the teeth of a terrible wind. Although it was barely autumn, a chill blast already coursed along the long unheated corridor where a group of cowed small boys crouched, blue with cold and blowing on their fingers, while a grim housekeeper, dressed all in black, like a character in a horror-film, stood by, ladling thin soup into cracked china bowls. No, my father thought, this would not do: though I had become difficult lately, and boarding-school seemed an obvious means of getting me out of the way, he felt it hardly fair to condemn me to this hell of ice.

The Chalet by comparison seemed almost cheerful; and, having handed me over to the Abbé's care, he made off with as buoyant a stride as his limp would allow, a load lifted from his mind. My mother had not been allowed to accompany him, lest she cry under the stress of parting and her tears disgrace me in the eyes of my future schoolfellows: already, as I knew without looking up, watching critically from the windows of the classroom overhead. My father had been a new boy once himself, and fully recognised the importance of avoiding an invidious start.

I watched him go, standing on the gravel drive by the side of the house: before passing through the gate, not unlike that of a level-crossing, which opened on to the main road beyond, he turned and, with a flourish of his stick, called back one word, which sounded to me like *Valley*. Combined with the slam of the gate, the Latin farewell had a final sound: though ignorant of its meaning then, I was to become only too familiar with this in the weeks that followed, as my father must have known; and I realised, as the high hedges hid his broad, stooping shoulders from sight, that henceforward, for the first time (though not by any means the last) I was left alone to make my way as best I could.

THERE were at this time, the beginning of term, only two other pupils: Dallo and Delinon; a perspective of empty desks stretched ahead down the classroom, which was on the first-floor front, enclosed on two sides by a wall of glass like a conservatory: appropriately enough, since it was indeed an educational forcing-house for the tender plants that we, as backward scholars, were.

Voici donc vos camarades, the Abbé announced, introducing me as Jacques, the nearest French equivalent to my first name James, by which I was always called at home; he at once put me on my honour to speak nothing but French: an unnecessary precaution, as neither of the other boys knew a single word of English apart from Yes and No, though the Abbé hoped to correct this deficiency on their part in the fullness of time. I on the other hand spoke fluent French, but with an accent and vocabulary acquired in the Midi and not at all to the Abbé's taste; I was immediately forbidden to say *Écoute voir* and *causer* instead of *parler*: it was only concierges, he informed me severely, who did that. Then, too, since the greater part of juvenile conversation consists in telling one's interlocutor to shut up, I'd taken pains to collect a variety of synonyms in this connection: *La ferme*, *Boucle-la*, *Ta boîte*, *bébé*, etc.; these, and other colloquialisms picked up in the public gardens of Nice (*La barbe! Pige-moi ça! Piqué*, *Cinglé*, *Chiche*, *Ballot*, *Dégueulasse*, *Débiner*, and *Frangin*), together with a ditty beginning *Le bon roi Dagobert, a mis sa culotte a l'envers*, were also put on the Index of prohibited words and phrases.

Nor did my conduct in other ways meet with the Abbé's approval. I had in those days a temper almost as explosive as his own, and was given to drawing my clasp-knife and flinging it, open, at the backs of retreating boys who had in some manner offended me: I never hit them, but the Abbé none the less impounded the knife and also the pistol that fired packets of cordite, which I had brought along as a protection against possible bullying; while fights and any form of horseplay (called by the Abbé *jeux de mains*) were discouraged altogether: the penalty being at least five strokes of the ruler, plus confinement in

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class during the hours normally set aside for recreation.

All this, of course, came later: at first the knife was unclasped solely for the purpose of whittling sticks and the pistol remained in its hiding-place at the bottom of my private play-box, for I saw at once that I'd nothing to fear from either Dallo or Delinon in the matter of physical or moral persecution, and the defensive swagger which I assumed in greeting them was soon abandoned in view of their obvious desire to make me welcome. Both were boys about my age, between eleven and twelve years old, not overburdened with brains, as their presence *chez* Monsieur l'Abbé indicated: for he enjoyed a formidable, and fully deserved, reputation as a crammer, extending to regions far beyond that coast.

AT FIRST sight Dallo was easily the more atttactive, with a flushed rosy face, tousled fair curls, and an appealing urchin grin: even his name, Honoré, had a frank and open sound confirmed by his candid eyes; but as the son of a rich hotel-keeper in an Alpine resort, fashionable during the season for winter sports, he had been given his head at home, and the attributes of his charm concealed a talent for intrigue, a basic sulkiness and spite which were not slow in coming to the surface, as I was shortly to learn. Delinon, by nature simple, affectionate, and unselfish to a degree, was ill-served by his appearance: enormously fat, bursting out of clothes too tight for him, he combined the characteristics of Billy Bunter and the Michelin tyre-man; his shining pneumatic cheeks, puffed humorously up to the size of balloons, and the myopic eyes magnified by powerful spectacles, made it difficult to regard him, initially, as other than a figure of fun.

Dallo in the manner of his kind set out to captivate me at once; and, during the long weekend we'd been given to get acquainted in, as, wearing the black overalls and studded boots that (except on Sundays) were the uniform of school and leisure hours alike, we roamed the grounds, exploring the thickets of trees and bamboo that bordered the gravel paths, peering into the reservoir or water tank at the bottom of which frog-spawn was said to exist, and finally watching, from the flat green stretch of sward at the foot of the plateau, a train puffing with its plume of smoke along the railway line that bisected the countryside below, while the curve of the Bay, its waters still October-blue, lay beyond, we drew closer, the two of us, together, and Delinon dropped behind.

So thirty years later I try to evoke again, in clichés as above, the feeling of that brief alliance, my first plunge into friendship: for the hackneyed phrase seems, to a child, heaven-sent to clothe the thoughts which otherwise there'd be no words for; and, as I stood beside Dallo, seeing what might have been the whole wide world spread out beneath for the evening sun to set upon, a spurious poetry doubtless gilded, like that sun's last glow, the emotions going on inside; though the declining light seemed symbolically inappropriate at the start of such an idyll, instead of being, as it proved, an omen.

Our relationship lasted less than a week. We swore eternal loyalty, crouched in a clump of bamboos during a game of hide-and-seek, while Delinon in a vain search for us jog-trotted, wheezing, by; as the crunch of heavy boots and the hopeless gasp of his difficult breath receded, we broke into convulsive giggles, as lovers in their exclusive joy mock cruelly at those not linked, like they, by bonds from which no freedom is desired: though for how long a time, depends. We had secret passwords and a sign; conspiratorial glances were exchanged whenever school routine prevented speech: in class, at table, behind the Abbé's back and, regrettably, at prayers. In the dormitory we'd bagged beds next each other; and under cover of Delinon's resounding snores (moonlight blue beyond the open windows, splashed white across linoleum floor) we whispered excitedly our plans for the coming day that we could hardly wait for, though sleep would claim us in mid-sentence. (This seems the place to emphasise that there was no suggestion of what some might call "unnatural" in all this; our ignorance of sex bordered on the idiotic, and besides none of us, so far, had reached the age of puberty.)

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THEN the long weekend was over; Monday tolled ahead like a foreboding bell; we gulped down bowls of *café au lait* for breakfast and assembled hastily in the classroom for instruction. And oddly enough it was here: at the pitchpine desks, among the unfamiliar smells of chalk and slate and indiarubber, where every morning Monsieur l'Abbé, entering in silence, with abrupt severity, would summon us to order by three sharp taps of an ebony ruler upon the blackboard, as the conductor of an orchestra, rapping on the music-stand, calls for his audience's attention: here, with the map of France and the larger one of the world itself (this called a *mappemonde*) covering the panelled walls which faced those of glass encircling us upon the left, that my disillusionment with Dallo began.

When, earlier in this record, I included myself in the category of backward scholars, I meant simply that, for reasons which I've stated elsewhere, I had not been to school at all, let alone in France. Of course I was not illiterate; my father had managed to instil into me—although I hadn't inherited his mathematical ability—a certain amount of arithmetic; from him, also, I had gained a working knowledge of geography and, from reading, a mass of miscellaneous information, not all of which could be considered commendable: but, apart from the salient facts about Napoleon and the outcome of various wars (these viewed, moreover, from a strictly British standpoint), I was almost totally ignorant of French history and even more of French grammar, though not by any means unwilling to learn. The Abbé, with a tact and patience that in those early days seemed endless, encouraged my efforts, and soon I knew all about Vercingétorix, Charlemagne, and the Vase de Soissons: also the indicative and imperative forms of verbs like *être* and *avoir*; the feminine gender of various nouns, such as *louve* and *cantatrice*; the plural of words ending in *ou*; and whether or not to aspirate the aitches in *hérisson*, *héritage*, *héros*, and *héroïne*, respectively.

IT WAS then that the extreme unreceptivity of Dallo forced itself upon my attention. His behaviour in class began to affect my nerves: the loud somnambulant shout, already alluded to, with which he committed his lessons to memory or, even worse, the rapid adenoidal mutter stressed by kicking out a rhythmic tattoo on the side of his desk, as though he sought, by this emphasis, to drive the words, like nails, into the solid wood his skull seemed made of. I had not failed to notice that he was fond of his own way, but nor was I averse to getting mine, and when any clash of wills occurred I'd won, hitherto, hands down. Now, out of school, he'd become moody and capricious, apt to fly out in shrill malice at the slightest provocation, or sulk in silence until the end of our break, when another display of crass stupidity in the form-room would follow.

Though not, even now, insistent on high intellectual standards in those few people I am fond of, still less at the age that I was then, I felt a let-down none the less: Dallo, it could no longer be denied, was a dunce; and during a row in which he caught me on the raw I stated this unpalatable truth in the harshest of terms; Dallo retaliated by a piercing fishwife's shriek, which wouldn't have disgraced the *vieille commère* he called me, with such venom that I thought he spat. That, to use the idiom of today, was the end of a beautiful friendship: only the sudden appearance of the Abbé—who luckily had not overheard our quarrel—prevented me from dealing out, in the manner I'd been taught at Nice, a series of swift hard slaps back and forth across Dallo's face, much as gangsters discipline their henchmen in the films that hadn't then been made.

Balked of this intention I swung off in a fury towards the Chalet; evening prep lay ahead; an hour of absolute silence broken only by the crackle of wood catching alight in the big stove and the industrious scratching of our pens; over us presided the Abbé, a breviary open before him, raking one hand, while he read, through the sparse hair upon his scalp, then lowering the fingers to his nostrils for a stealthy abstracted sniff—a habit which, quite unconscious in his case, would have earned any pupil who indulged in it a severe reproof: the principle summed-up by the Service phrase "Don't do as I do, do as I tell you" being

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common to all systems of rule by coercion. Hunched at my desk, as the stove began to glow red, giving out with the heat its attendant odour of black-lead polish, I too smouldered inside, not looking up even to glare at Dallo in difficulties with his exercise across the room, but resolutely determined to reject his apology when, as I confidently expected, he sought me out later in an attempt at reconciliation.

INSTEAD, Dallo did nothing of the sort, but switched his allegiance at once to Delinon, so that I found myself in turn the odd man out, and a period of acute jealous misery in store. I reacted to this by instituting a ruthless persecution of Dallo, shouting *Cancre!* after him whenever the Abbé was not within hearing: the ugly French "dunce," with its aural suggestion of cankerous growth or incurable disease; out came the gun from its hiding-place, and the cordite bombs it fired, aimed from an upstairs window, exploded around him as he emerged from the house, putting him off his lessons so completely that he got caned in class; when he retaliated with a water-pistol fired in my face from ambush, I further shook his nerve by hurling the clasp-knife at him as he dodged away among the trees; unfortunately the Abbé observed this incident and I suffered corporal punishment, by means of the ruler, for the first time in consequence: my one satisfaction being that Dallo was also awarded three strokes on the hand, since my clothes were still soaking wet from the deluge he'd directed at me. The good-hearted Delinon was distressed by these manifestations of internecine strife, and characteristically offered to mediate; but unrepentant in spite of having had to write out the seven deadly sins twenty times with the hand that had not been caned, I spurned his peace proposals and drove him away in dejection with scornful yells of *Va te faire dégonfler, gros bouffi!* Forbidden by the Abbé to shout *Cancre* in future at my comrades, I substituted the word's second meaning, *Crustacé*, a crab: and this seemed specially designed to get under Dallo's shell, for the second time it was applied to him he actually flew at me with clawing hands, and got tipped into a bed of thistles (which were sometimes served up to us as a vegetable) during the scuffle that ensued.

But, despite these minor triumphs, it was not a time I like to look back upon, or would care to live through again: its only value consisting in the fact that it prepared me for many periods of unpopularity with which I had similarly to cope in the years that were to come. The general unpleasantness was aggravated also, round about then, by a sudden attack of toothache, which resulted in weekly visits to the dentist, always on Thursday afternoons, our half-holiday, to make matters worse.

THE dentist appointed by Monsieur l'Abbé was an elderly man with a grey walrus moustache, extremely short-sighted, his limited vision further obscured by a pair of smoked spectacles: his surgery overlooked a built-in area and the single narrow window was of a type from which arrows might have been aimed, in medieval times, at an invader; consequently, the mistakes which he made with the drill were many, and I had to be strapped hand and foot in the chair with a clamp around my neck before he could start his excavations at all, owing to the violence of my reactions when his stuttering instrument of torture slipped, as it frequently did, off the ivory on to an exposed nerve. There was a thing like a boat-hook which he employed occasionally, murmuring, when he approached me with it, *Courage, courage*, as though he were the executioner entering the cell of an assassin about to be guillotined; but we always came back to his first love, the drill: perhaps he had only recently acquired this, and regarded it in the light of a new toy; for he even hollowed out, I feel certain, cavities in teeth where none existed before, and filled these with lumps of a leaden mixture which fell out quite soon in adult life, leaving large gaps surrounded by jagged shells, with nerves underneath that had not been killed.

On the opposite side of the square where his premises were situated, a rival surgery had recently started up: this one advertising *American* Dentistry, only just beginning to become known in France at that date; and

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sometimes I believe my dentist identified me, by reason of my nationality, with this competitor, since to his way of thinking American and English would amount to the same: certainly he spent much time in denouncing, during our weekly sessions, the idea of cocaine injections as a dangerous notion apt to further the practice of drug-taking among the patients, and originated, no doubt, by perfidious Albion as a part of a scheme to obtain world domination in the future. He himself was strictly conservative in his professional opinions, and disapproved even of administering gas: so far as I was concerned, all extractions (luckily few, because of his preference for the drill and the lead stoppings) were performed without it, for his anæsthetist was suffering from some illness during the whole period of my visits to him, and he was unwilling, or unable, to operate the nitrous oxide apparatus in person.

IN VIEW of all this, it is not surprising that my private conception of Hell (though Monsieur l'Abbé would have considered this unorthodox) took the form of a gigantic dentist's chair, with Satan himself in charge of the drill; and when, not so long ago, I read an American thriller in which the detective-hero imagined himself under treatment in such conditions on awaking with a hangover, I wondered whether the author had been subjected in youth to experiences not dissimilar from my own, before the introduction of the painless dentistry for which his country is justly celebrated, and which was regarded so unfavourably by the purblind old fool who attended me.

Faced, at the present time, with circumstances of such all-round wretchedness, I might either get drunk or write a book; but in those days I abhorred the taste of alcohol: moreover, none was obtainable, and my literary aspirations, though already formulated, were insufficiently advanced to provide an escape from the sphere of reality. I was forced, therefore, to seek relief in what might be considered, at the age of eleven, an unexpected direction: i.e. my studies.

Calligraphy was the first pursuit that engaged my attention: hitherto I'd regarded this as a bore, refusing to copy out pot-hooks at home, and evolving, for my own purposes, a peculiar system of small block capitals, designed to resemble the print of a book, and executed always with a soft lead pencil. Now of course I was obliged to use pen-and-ink and to make some attempt at forming cursive characters. The style of handwriting in vogue at this school was a fine slanting oblique script: sometimes known in France, I believe, as *l'écriture bâtarde*; though not to the Abbé, who called it, instead, *l'écriture penchée*. This was completely beyond me at first, particularly as I held my pen in a manner all my own, which caused the Abbé to exclaim in horror at its apparent awkwardness: the pen was poked at an angle through a loosely clenched hand, supported by the membraneous curve between thumb and forefinger, the thumb hooked round the holder and tucked underneath the index, with the middle finger pressing it down near the nib. The Abbé instantly taught me a more normal position, by which the nib was guided by fingers and thumb forming a rough oval: though this is the method commonly used by nine persons out of every ten, it resulted in my getting writer's cramp if adopted for any length of time; the pages of my exercise-books were covered with unsightly blots, the surface rubbed thin and rough by constant erasures; I was publicly taken to task and saw, with mortification, that Dallo, whose handwriting would have disgraced a child of six, was grinning gleefully in the background. Determined that he should not score off me again, I began to take more trouble with my penmanship, increasingly so since the Abbé (perhaps with this end in view, for he was in many ways an able psychologist) had confiscated my old, ink-stained exercise-book, and had allotted me instead a new *cahier*, much superior in quality and thickness to those we were usually handed out, with smooth cream-woven paper inside, on which the ink (violet in hue) did not blur and run as it did on the grey fibrous sheets provided for us as a rule.

To spoil such a surface would have been more than a shame, and I traced with care the broad upward stroke of the majuscules, then

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their thinning downward curve: curling, as was required of me, the scrolled flourish of each capital letter and linking it to its successors at the prescribed slant; for this purpose I even bought, out of the pocket-money my parents sent me each week, special narrow-pointed steel nibs, which I changed regularly and polished clean of clogging acids after each exercise: as I ceased, with practice, to suffer from cramp, my speed increased proportionately, and not long after I received the Abbé's congratulations, standing in triumph on the very spot to which I had been summoned for his condemnation a few weeks before. (Alas, all to no avail, as things turned out. For at the *Collège* in the town nearby, where I was later sent, another calligraphic style prevailed, and everything had to be unlearned; now my handwriting resembles neither to any extent, and I have reverted to my original way of holding a pen which, though still appearing awkward, seems to serve me well enough and is much more comfortable: an important factor, considering the amount of writing I have, nowadays, to do.)

WE HAD a separate *cahier* devoted to each subject on the school curriculum, and the special one given me by the Abbé was that devoted to Composition and Essays: the care which I devoted to the script in which these were set down soon extended to the material itself: with my nascent literary leanings I began to find the construction of sentences and the development of a theme fascinating in themselves; a knowledge of grammar, however, was essential to any accomplishment in this sphere, and it follows, therefore, that in these branches of study also I was soon top of the class.

The Abbé did not inform me of this fact, for too much appreciation, he felt—and not without reason—might result in my developing a swelled head; but my father had been sent reports of my progress, and the letters he now began to write me (in French, of course, at the Abbé's urgent request) contained the first praise I'd ever received from that stern, inscrutable man, for he was even more sparing of commendation than the Abbé himself. My mathematical standard, unfortunately, was still below par (where, indeed, it remains today) and Father's letters concluded invariably with exhortations to greater application in this field, and the final salutation *Vale*, no longer an enigma to me, as by this time I was learning Latin.

To have earned his approbation on any terms, however, put new heart into me: a brighter outlook altogether seemed about to succeed the bleak eclipse through which I'd passed; though this could not be said of the weather, for the first months of winter (always the worst in this particular region) burst suddenly upon us: a wet banshee wind flung squalls of rain against the classroom windows: beyond the rattling panes an aquarium world swam suspended, drowning in liquid blue twilight whatever the time of day, while the surgery was now so dark on my visits that the dentist had to operate with an incandescent lamp strapped to his forehead, giving him the air of a cyclops or perhaps a coal-miner about to descend into the pit. Happily the worst of the drilling was now over, the fillings were being fixed, and I was able to enjoy my meals once more; for the food at the Chalet, unlike that provided at my father's public school and despite the occasional thistles, was extremely good, especially on the days when we had jugged hare, since Philomène, the matron and housekeeper, came from a village near Perpignan, where this dish is a speciality, and was a magnificent cook at any time.

PHILOMÈNE had feared, on my arrival, that being English I might not like the fare, and was relieved to find her anxiety unjustified: though at first I'd found it very odd, having soup sometimes for breakfast and red wine and water with my lunch; sparrow pie also made its appearance occasionally and I am by no means sure we did not eat rook; these had formed no part of my staple diet at home, nor for that matter had artichokes in oil, stuffed cabbage, or salsify: and certainly not leeks, which I now consumed with relish, preferring them by far to thistles, which may have been disloyal, since I am not Welsh and the latter are our national emblem. Philomène was pleased,

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now, to see my appetite returning, for in the darkest days I'd often sought sanctuary in the big stone-flagged kitchen where she sat after supper, occupied even then with some household task, for her day's work was never done: though she was seldom too busy to listen to our problems or to comfort us with her tired, compassionate smile, when the Abbé, if approached on other than religious difficulties, might have been impatient.

It was Philomène who was ultimately responsible for the comradeship that grew up between Delinon and myself: this came about when the rainy season ended, leaving great pools of water undrained upon the gravel paths, to be icily congealed by the rigid frost that took its place, crystallising the trees and adding a new word, *engelure*, to my French vocabulary with the chilblains that itched upon our fingertips and swelled painfully the lobes of our ears. For with this frozen spell a batch of new boys arrived at the school: the first of them was Vergniette, who drove up, clad in a fur-collared overcoat, in a Rolls-Royce with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel and his parents, both wrapped in coats made entirely of fur, sitting at the back; he was followed by Euan Douglas, like myself a Scot, who donned Highland dress on Sundays, when his kilt and sporran struck the others agape with wonder, for they could not see why he should choose to wear a skirt with a fur pouch in front; later still came the intransigent Magagnos, whom I will tell about in another place.

Dallo of course immediately abandoned Delinon, seeing new victims for his charm; I personally found Vergniette a little too advanced (so much so that he was afterwards expelled), and Euan a trifle too *naïf* for my taste: another obstacle in his case being that he spoke only elementary French; and while the Abbé was prepared to relax, in this instance, his ban on speaking English (indeed he had often to call upon me as interpreter), I could not readily understand the Scots accent and half the time had no idea what Euan was attempting to say.

So, promoted and encouraged by Philomène, the association with Delinon began, and I was to find him a loyal and devoted friend until the end of my stay at the Chalet: which should have taught me—though of course it didn't—that appearances may be deceptive and beauty but skin-deep. Our relationship was, it's true, lived on a less ecstatic plane than any which involved Dallo, but on the other hand it provided a foretaste of what male companionship, based on mutual esteem and a degree of affection, would come to mean in adult life, without being a substitute for the love-affair which I was emotionally (though not yet physically) developed enough obscurely to desire.

DELINON'S dearest ambition was to become a priest, and the example of his sincere piety and the purity of his faith had an important influence on my own spiritual development, though naturally the Abbé had been far from idle in attempting to inspire me with a proper sense of religious zeal. He'd been horrified at first to discover how much my Catholic education had been neglected: I had never been to Confession, nor made my First Communion; why, I hardly knew my Catechism, and until I had this off by heart I couldn't be confirmed: a rite which, also, had never been performed upon my person. Secretly I dreaded this prospect, since part of the ceremony entailed the slapping of the candidate's face by a bishop, and I imagined a full-armed smack like that dealt out to me on one occasion by the Abbé, which had caused my head to ring for hours after.

Perhaps, in his anxiety to accelerate the progress of my instruction, the Abbé laid an overemphasis on the consequences of transgression and the force of divine retribution: too little upon God's mercy; then, too, the sermons he preached, invariably on eschatological themes, had instilled into me a panic fear: I could see that in my sinful state I was destined without a doubt for the Devil's dental chair, and, like my own dentist, Satan would never countenance the use of local anæsthetics. I prayed fervently for forgiveness, but with little hope, since I'd formed (how could I help it?) a mental image of the Almighty compounded of my father and Monsieur l'Abbé himself: neither of them persons whose hearts were easily softened once

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their ire had been aroused to the full. Intercession by Our Lady was my only chance, but I clutched my rosary as a drowning man is said to grasp at straws: for how often had my own mother's compassion prevailed over Father's wrath when she pleaded with him to remit a punishment?

There was one more test I could apply: on my way to the dentist, just before entering the town, the road was spanned by a metal railway bridge, across which, about the time of my weekly appointment, an express was scheduled to pass; and I always hurried to stand beneath as the whistle in the distance heralded its approaching roar: for I made out to myself that the reverberant clangour of the wheels overhead must sound not unlike the Voice of God; and, half deafened by its iron thunder, I tried to distinguish some softer underlying echo, a promise that perhaps pardon might be granted: but always without success; and I went despairingly on towards the torture that, in the ill-lit surgery, awaited: bad enough, especially in its early stages, but the merest twinge to what I would endure when the Devil worked the drill.

It was largely due to Delinon, in whom of course I'd confided all these terrors, that I had my first glimpse of how the miracle of forgiveness might be worked through love; I gave up to a great extent my persecution of Dallo and tried to purge my heart of hate and malice: during this period Philomène feared that I was sickening for something, and even the Abbé glanced at me once or twice with a shadow of concern. As the day marked down for my first confession drew near, however, I felt a renewal of dread: despite Delinon's earnest reassurances I knew there was still too much upon my conscience for any possibility of redemption.

The day came: it must have been in spring, for the sun lit strongly from without the figure of Our Lord on the stained-glass window facing which I knelt to make the Act of Contrition. His hand was raised in benediction, but this, I thought in misery, could not be meant for me, and I struck myself so hard upon the chest while avowing my faults that my breast-bone was bruised and ached for weeks to come. Then, rising with a shiver, I entered that darkened box which, I feared, might prove the coffin of my eternal hopes: where behind the grille another priest, not Monsieur l'Abbé, waited to hear the recital of my sins. But the Saviour's blessing in rainbow glass was, after all, a sign; and in a very different mood I left the church, to wander, with a lightness of heart that I had never known before, through the golden fume of sunshine rising in clouds above the town; across the square; towards the bridge, telling myself (as how many times since then) that I would never, never, sin again.

A goods train hooted and clanked, lighter than the express, across the bridge as, absolved and pure, I ran in gratitude to stand below its arch: because of the lesser weight upon those rails above, the reflexion of the sound was more gentle than the usual strident echo, and it seemed to me that God had supplemented the absolution I'd received already with an added murmur of indulgence. Or was this, instead, a muffled warning for the future: since, within a year, on the embankment that rose above this very spot, among those bramble-bushes not as yet in flower, I was to feel, with a girl's face bent laughing close to mine, the first uneasy stirrings of the flesh.

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Geoffrey Gorer

English Ideas about Sex

DURING the last three years I have been engaged in an attempt to discover and describe the regularities and consistent themes in English character, as a complement to my earlier studies of American and Great Russian character. To describe one's own society is a more complex and difficult task than to describe strangers; a worker with adequate training can allow for his own biases when looking for regularities in a foreign society; in one's own, one is likely to be limited by class, education, income, and region in the contacts one makes and the groups of people one knows; it is also almost impossible not to feel emotionally that one's own attitude and reactions are "typical," although intellectually one may realise that by class, education, and income one is statistically representative of a very small minority.

In an attempt to escape this dilemma, I have founded my study on the answers to questionnaires from strangers, instead of the personal interviews and observations which were the main material on which the earlier books were based. A request for volunteers brought the surprising total of twelve thousand English men and women willing to spend something between two and three hours in filling out a questionnaire covering eight foolscap pages. This was actually an *embarras de richesses* and although I have read every questionnaire, the statistical tables are based on a random selection of five thousand from the twelve thousand respondents.

I defined an English man or woman as a person born in England of English parents who had received all or most of their education in England; the Scots, the Welsh, and the Irish, whom I believe to have characters and attitudes different to the English, were expressly excluded from this study.

Questions were asked on the related topics of adolescence, sexual experience and attitudes, betrothal, marriage, and child-rearing; most of the questions on marriage were asked only of people who were or had been married; and only parents of living children were asked the questions on child-training. The single, over the age of sixteen (I had no respondents below this age), were also asked for their views on different aspects of sexual behaviour. Within the limits of a questionnaire, definitions are necessarily vague and imprecise, conditioned by the respondents' understanding of the words used. In the present context, it seems clear that for the vast majority of respondents the words "sex" or "sexual" refer specifically to intercourse, rather than to any extensions of the words to symbolical, perverse, or partial actions. Kissing and light caresses are, it would seem, not included in these terms.

MOST English people's views on sexual morality are more rigid than their personal practice; quite a number condemn their own lapses from their own high standards of complete chastity before marriage and complete fidelity after: "I did, but I wish I had not" is a recurring theme.

This does not mean that the English tend to underestimate the importance of sexual love inside marriage. To the question: "In marriage do you think sexual love is: very important; fairly important; not very important; not important at all?" 55 per cent answered "very important" and 36 per cent "fairly important"; the small group of 6 per cent who answer "not very important" consist

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predominantly of the very young, the old, and the poor; and the tiny group who say it is not important at all, or do not answer, are almost entirely old women.

Despite the importance that the majority of English people give to sexual love in marriage, the majority think that both sexes should approach marriage with no prior sexual experience. Slightly more than half the population in the case of men, and nearly two-thirds in the case of women, disapprove of any sexual experience before marriage. Roughly an eighth say that they do not know. A third of the population in the case of men, and just under a quarter in the case of women, are in favour of some sexual experience before marriage.

In the case of both sexes, men are markedly more in favour of some pre-marital sexual experience than are women; forty men to twenty-six women approve of a young man having some experience, and thirty men to fourteen women approve of a young woman doing so. As will be discussed at some length later, quite a number of women support a "double standard" of sexual morality in which what is sauce for the gander is taboo for the goose; men are much more likely to invoke a "single standard" in which they will not deny to others what they claim for themselves.

The most numerous advocates for sexual experience before marriage are the divorced and separated; and many of them advance their own unhappy stories of ignorance or maladjustment to justify their choice. The single are slightly, but only slightly, more in favour of such experience than the married; the widowed are least in favour.

The very young tend to be more severe in their ethical judgements than their elders, though nearly a quarter of the under-eighteen's have not made up their minds; the height of permissiveness is reached by the people aged between twenty-five and thirty-four, but it is only a small difference; people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four are just as severe in their moral notions as people twenty years older. The old people, aged sixty-five and over, tend to be very non-committal; they have markedly fewer advocates for sexual experience before marriage than their juniors.

With one exception, social class makes remarkably little difference to the views on the desirability or otherwise of experience before marriage: a far higher proportion of the lower working class are in favour of sexual experience before marriage than of any other group. It is only in this group that there is an absolute majority in favour of pre-marital experience for men; and a third are in favour of it for women too. There is a folk tradition that in some of the metropolitan and rural groups of the lower working class marriage normally follows pregnancy; and it is possible that these figures echo this alleged practice. The upper middle class have the greatest number of undecided respondents; many of this class were students.

Far more determining than social class is family income. Here there is a steady and marked increase in permissiveness directly correlated with the increase in income, ranging, in the case of men, from 25 per cent in those with incomes of under £5 a week through 35 per cent in the £8 to £12 range to 42 per cent with incomes of over £15 a week. Parallel figures for young women are 18 per cent for incomes under £5, 24 per cent for incomes £8 to £12, and 30 per cent for incomes of over £15.

In the case of young men, town size makes a marked difference in the incidence of permissiveness, with 38 per cent in favour in the metropolises and only 29 per cent in the small towns and villages; the intermediate size towns, between one million and ten thousand inhabitants, are on the national average. This difference practically disappears in the case of women, suggesting that the "double standard" is almost entirely confined to the inhabitants of London and Birmingham and their connurbations. The Midlands are the most permissive region for both sexes, followed by London and the Southeast; the Northeast and North are by a small degree the most severe regions.

My respondents were not only asked for their views, they were asked to give the reasons why they advocated them; after both questions appeared the word *Why?* with adequate space for any answer they cared to give. The great majority availed themselves of

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this opportunity; in the case of young men 13 per cent gave no answer and a further 2 per cent said they did not know; in the case of young women 12 per cent were silent and 1 per cent had no opinion. All the remainder made some sort of answer, though in the case of 5 per cent for each sex the answer was the non-commital one that it depended on the people concerned.

People were given no sort of guidance as to the way in which their answers should be phrased; after a preliminary analysis I established twenty-five categories into which all the answers fitted adequately, though some of these had very few respondents. Nine reasons are advanced why some experience before marriage is desirable, and sixteen reasons why it is undesirable. It is interesting to note that, as far as this questionnaire is any guide, English people appear to be more prolific in arguments against a given course of action than in arguments in favour of it.

Fifty-two per cent of the population, it will be remembered, are against any sexual experience for young men before marriage and 63 per cent against any experience for young women; the following are the reasons advanced for this judgement (a few respondents gave more than one reason, which accounts for the slight discrepancy in the figures):

	Reason given	*Percentage for young men*	*Percentage for young women*
(i)	Marriage should be a new experience	13	12
(ii)	Man wants virgin wife	0	9
(iii)	Man should be pure because he wants wife to be	6	1
(iv)	Against morality	7	6
(v)	Against religion	4	4
(vi)	Not necessary—Nature teaches	4	5
(vii)	People should have self-control	2	2
(viii)	Unfair to girl	2	1
(ix)	Degrades girl	2	8
(x)	Danger of pregnancy	2	1
(xi)	Danger of V.D.	2	1
(xii)	Danger to health of future children	0	1
(xiii)	People wouldn't marry if they could get it without doing so	2	1
(xiv)	Leads to promiscuity after marriage	1	1
(xv)	Husband may bring up later	0	1
(xvi)	Danger of invidious comparisons	0	1

The following are the nine reasons advanced why some experience before marriage is desirable; they apply to 34 per cent of the young men and 23 per cent of the young women:

	Reason given	*Percentage for young men*	*Percentage for young women*
(xvii)	To avoid ignorance, maladjustment, etc., on honeymoon	13	7
(xviii)	To make certain marriage not based on physical glamour	4	3
(xix)	To avoid woman's fear or disgust	0	2
(xx)	Makes for fidelity after marriage	1	0
(xxi)	With future husband or wife only	2	3
(xxii)	Not to include intercourse	3	3
(xxiii)	For good effect on character—makes more mature, etc.	6	3
(xxiv)	For physical or psychological health	2	1
(xxv)	It is normal and natural	5	2

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BEFORE these reasons are examined in greater detail, the list itself seems to call for a few comments. What seems to me most noteworthy is the high seriousness with which the great majority of English people approach and regard marriage. Whether pre-marital experience is advocated or reprobated, the effect on the future marriage is the preponderating consideration. Secondly, the high valuation put on virginity for both sexes is remarkable and, I should suspect, specifically English. Thirdly, it is interesting to note that what might be dubbed the hypochondriacal attitude towards sexual activity has apparently achieved very little currency. This hypochondriacal view, derived from assorted popularisations and vulgarisations of psychology and psychiatry, connects sexual activity with physical and mental health, so that abstinence becomes, as it were, a rather more dangerous type of constipation, and sexual activity a kind of prophylaxis. In some other societies, this view would appear to be very widely held.

The argument (i) that marriage should mean a new experience, a new "thrill," that intercourse should be confined to marriage, is one that is advanced considerably more by women than by men for both sexes; it is particularly stressed in the lower middle, upper working, and working classes, and is mentioned relatively little by the lower working class. It is an argument whose use decreases consistently with the increase in income, and is relatively little advanced by people with incomes of over £12 a week. In the case of young men, the rural Southwest finds this argument particularly cogent; and it is advanced from this region too slightly more in the case of young women than elsewhere. The replies advancing this view vary relatively little; the same form of words recur with great regularity.

The high evaluation of virginity in woman (reason ii) is advanced slightly more by men than women, and finds some concentration in the middle income groups, and the upper working and working class; the lower working class advance this relatively little. A great number of synonyms are used for this desirable state, many of them metaphors from merchandising—"new," "not second-hand," "not shop-soiled," and so on. The converse, that a man should be pure because he wants his wife to be a virgin (reason iii) has very similar distribution for income and social class, with the exception of the well-off and the upper middle class, who advance it even less than the lower working class. Women advance this argument slightly more than men, but it has its relatively numerous advocates in both sexes. Thus, a twenty-year-old middle class man from North London:

> "Some sexual experience may be necessary and is useful but I, when I marry, want a pure girl, so the least I can do is to be the same myself."

A twenty-three-year-old bachelor from Stockton-on-Tees:

> "Why should he? What good can it possibly do? If I ever marry, I would like my wife to be a virgin—is it fair to expect this if I haven't been chaste myself?"

A thirty-eight-year-old working class man from Penrith:

> "Because I married a virgin as I always hoped I should, that is why I never had sexual intercourse before marriage."

A twenty-four-year-old bachelor from south-west London:

> "It's my belief that a man should be content to wait. I personally would feel shame for myself, and a slight contempt for the girl (if it happened before we married)."

A nineteen-year-old middle class bachelor from Liverpool:

> "Every man expects to marry an untouched woman therefore should not have any sexual exp. himself. I think all women should be married in white and can't do so if she had had sexual exp. with men."

A twenty-seven-year-old married woman from Bishops Waltham:

> "Men of today expect the best when they marry so should be prepared to give the same."

A twenty-nine-year-old working class wife from Birmingham:

> "Should imagine no decent man would ever regain his self-respect. May I say that though sorely tempted during engagement *I* never did and have never regretted it."

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A thirty-one-year-old married man from Streatham:

> "I did, but I wish that I had not, because I think this experience should only be had at the peak of a love match, namely a honeymoon."

A forty-five-year-old working class man from Southend-on-Sea:

> "I did have that experience and regretted it, one loses self-respect and also respect for the girl."

BESIDES the arguments about the intrinsic value of virginity there are also appeals to the rules of morality and ethics and mistaken views of common law (reason iv); and, for a small group, an appeal to the prohibitions of religion (reason v). The argument from ethics is advanced much more by women than by men, and is particularly favoured in the rural Southwest; it is little stressed by the upper and lower working classes. In its application to women, the married stress it more than the single, and the older more than the young. The appeal to religious sanctions is advanced nearly equally by both sexes, but chiefly by the elderly and by members of the lower middle class; it is hardly used at all by members of the upper middle or lower working classes.

An interesting point is that the appeal to religious principles is often advanced by people whose practice would appear to be agnostic; thus a forty-two-year-old married man from Enfield who says flatly, "Sexual experience before marriage is not Christian," practically never goes to Church or prays, nor does he believe in a future life. A similar case is a young single woman from near Portsmouth who says "It is against the law of the Country and the Church and leads to moral degeneration of the community."

The belief that experience is unnecessary, because "Nature teaches" (reason vi) is one particularly favoured by the upper middle class and completely rejected by the lower working class. Otherwise it finds its advocates in nearly every category, approximately equally. Thus a thirty-nine-year-old married working class man from Bradford: "Sex is an instinct which everyone is blessed (or cursed) with therefore it does not need a 'try-out.'"

The appeal to self-control (reason vii) is in many ways similar to the confidence in nature, and to the appeal to ethics; the actual phrasing is different to the extent that it does imply that there are some emotions to control; it is used somewhat more by the middle-aged and by the well-off. A typical statement of a thirty-six-year-old working class married woman from Sendon, Derby: "He should respect women and curb his desires till married"; or a separated woman, forty-three years old, from Evington: "If control is not obtained before marriage, it certainly will not after."

THERE are three closely related reasons (viii, ix, and x) for abstaining from all sexual experience before marriage; these are all connected with the effect on the girl involved. The fact that it is "unfair" to the girl is advanced as a reason for male abstention; and many of the male respondents refer specifically to their own sisters and daughters as a reason why men should be chaste. This argument is somewhat favoured by the lower middle class, and is not used at all by the upper middle; otherwise the distribution is very even. Thus an unmarried working class man from Runcorn:

> "I don't think it is really fair to the girl he is going to marry (although I should not talk because I have and am now sorry)."

A forty-five-year-old working class man from Southend-on-Sea:

> "I have two daughters of my own (*verb. sap.*)."

The argument that such experience degrades the girl and cheapens her, makes her feel tawdry or second-hand, and destroys her self-respect and the respect of others (argument ix) is advanced more by women and for women than it is by or for men; but it is invoked for both sexes and by all groups, though least of all by the young people under twenty-four. For the lower working class it is easily the most important reason for restraint. The danger of pregnancy (reason x) which can be considered the physical complement of the feelings of degradation is much more stressed by the married than by the single, and by the upper and lower middle classes. It is little advanced by the lower working class.

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A number of the women who advance this latter argument bolster it up with their own distressing experiences; thus a single working class woman from Devon, aged twenty-four:

> "My sister aged 23 years has a 2½ months old baby she's not married. My stepfather and mother take every opportunity of saying hurtful things, etc."

A twenty-five-year-old married woman of the working class from Shropshire:

> "We had been married 3 months when our oldest boy was born and though we love each other very much we both realise that we behaved foolishly. Not only does it mean sorrow for the boy and girl, but their families too. We were lucky. Our folk helped us."

A thirty-one-year-old married woman from London:

> "She takes a chance and nearly always pays for her experience with a baby like I did, while the wolf goes free."

A married woman from Sheffield:

> "In these days of women's clinics it is not needful to try before you buy. From my childhood I made up my mind I would never marry a man who had sexual relations with me before, my mother was pregnant when married and hated my father for it."

The other physical danger, venereal disease (reason xi), is advanced more by and for men, particularly younger men, than by women; the group is not large, but it does suggest that the anti-venereal-disease campaign has on occasion been too successful and created unrealistic phobias. Thus a twenty-two-year-old working-class bachelor from southeast London:

> "In my opinion it is immoral to have sexual experience before marriage, thus creating V.D."

or the twenty-one-year-old Bristol bachelor:

> "It seems to me that this sort of thing lowers the general moral tone of the populace. Also, I think it a crime to be responsible for congenital syphilis in children."

This fear runs into the obscure fear (reason xii) that such conduct will in some way cause harm to future children; only a small and scattered group takes up this attitude.

There is a small group which has the odd idea (reason xiii) that nobody would get married if they could have sexual intercourse outside marriage; these people are barely represented in the more prosperous groups, the upper middle or lower working class. Thus a separated lower middle class woman from Nottingham:

> "If a husband has some sexual experience before marriage he really has nothing to look forward to, and there is no point in his getting married."

A twenty-nine-year-old spinster from Putney:

> "If he finds he can gain this before marriage he naturally doesn't want to get married. Also a man seems to lose respect of the woman in question."

A thirty-year-old married woman from Sunderland (Durham):

> "If young men had it women should too, I think they should start off together at marriage. If women had sexual experience before hand most women I know wouldn't have been married."

The lower working class are among the most convinced that experience before marriage leads to promiscuity after (reason xiv); but a few of all groups, except the young and unmarried, advance this argument. Thus a forty-year-old married woman from Thorpe-next-Norwich:

> "Its moreish, the more you have the more you want. Because he rarely married the girl he has his experience with, and has nothing to lose, so just continues from one to another."

It is chiefly from the upper middle class (followed by the lower working class) that the arguments are advanced (reasons xv and xvi) that pre-marital experience could be inconvenient after marriage, either because the other spouse would use it as a reproach, or because he or she might draw invidious comparisons between lover and spouse. Thus a single girl of twenty-one, from London, who describes herself as "a member of a well-educated family who have known better times":

> "As far as women are concerned, once having had this experience, one always wants it and it is injurious to health and the wife may become impatient with her new husband if he could not satisfy her as did her previous lover."

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A national serviceman whose home is in Merton Park:

"Every man wishes to marry a virgin. Also there is danger of comparison when married. (Comparison between husband and other man.)"

A forty-six-year-old working class man from Romford:

"If you were not so satisfying for them, they would, one day, tell, how nice so and so did it."

Among the smaller group who do advocate some experience before marriage, far and away the most important reason advanced for this is the desire (reason xvii) to avoid ignorance, maladjustment or clumsiness on the honeymoon. Nearly one man in six and one woman in ten advance this as a reason why men should have some previous experience; nearly one man in ten and one woman in twenty-five advance this as a reason why women should do so—one more example of English men being more in favour of female emancipation than English women. This is an argument whose use increases consistently with income and decreases with town size, as far as men are concerned; it has its most numerous advocates in the upper middle and lower middle classes and in the age group twenty-five to thirty-four. As far as young men are concerned the single, married, and divorced have similar figures; but for young women, the married and divorced have twice the number of advocates that the single do. The lower working class, followed by the upper working class, stress this argument in the case of young women.

A NUMBER of respondents cited their own unfortunate experiences to justify the course they advocated. Thus a thirty-seven-year-old married woman from Barnshurst:

"My own husband made such a mess of it, we ceased relations after the first year."

A thirty-one-year-old divorced working class man from Greenwich:

"I had no sexual experience before my marriage and I'd never want to experience my wedding night again."

A thirty-two-year-old married working class man from Essex:

"I had none myself and my marriage is now a physical failure."

A forty-one-year-old married woman of the middle class from North London:

"My personal experience with a virgin husband was most distressing."

A twenty-six-year-old divorced woman from northwest London:

"My marriage was reck mainly through a lack of sexual knowledge. My husband had never had an affair before marriage."

[For young women]

"Yes, because one can be disillusioned or shocked by sex—and to be afraid can have a bad sycological effect if one does not know what to expect."

A forty-nine-year-old re-married man from Willesden:

"Lack of sexual experience was the cause of my first marriage breakdown."

Quotations with the same underlying theme could be continued over several pages; they strongly suggest that ignorance, particularly on the part of the men, is a major hazard in English marriages. A thirty-six-year-old married worker from Nottingham says: "I met men in the forces who were Married and were dead ignorant about sexual Matters." A great deal of my evidence bears out his observation.

The argument that experience before marriage will make for a more rational choice of marriage partner (reason xviii) is an argument advanced twice as much by men as by women, and (understandably) is particularly favoured by the divorced and separated. It also finds advocates particularly among the younger people and members of the upper working and working classes; it is not employed at all by the upper middle class.

A twenty-year-old betrothed middle class girl from Birmingham:

"Not necessarily 'should' but it's sometimes wisest. You see, I can quote at least one instance where a couple married and the woman found she just couldn't stand him touching her, although she loved and trusted him."

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A sixty-five-year-old general foreman from Rainham:

"For one thing it is natural and he's not likely to fall for the first pretty face and/or pair of lovely legs, the latter I think most English men fall for."

A twenty-six-year-old unmarried woman from Streatham:

"Many young men marry from only physical attraction as the basis for their desire to marry. Sexual experience helps to curb that desire, he does not marry so young, and chooses much more wisely someone with whom he can be really happy, as well as sexually suited."

IN a way the reciprocal to the avoidance of marriage based on glamour is the avoidance of woman's fear or disgust at intercourse or physical intimacy (reason xix). This argument is most advanced by the divorced and separated, and by members of the working classes. Although not mentioned by very many, this, like male ignorance, seems a hazard of English marriage.

A forty-six-year-old working class married woman from Bradford writes:

"Not knowing much about the facts of life before marriage, it came as rather a shock to my nervous system."

A forty-four-year-old married woman from a Norfolk village (who herself had two babies before marriage):

"I know a home that was nearly wrecked through a young woman that got married. She was disgusted when her husband suggested intercourse. She thought he married her to cook and keep his house clean."

A further small group argues that experience before marriage makes for fidelity after marriage (reason xx). This argument is chiefly used by the more prosperous women. Thus a thirty-four-year-old married woman of the middle class from Carlingham (Yorks):

"It is better to sow wild oats before, and not, after marriage. Some women cannot reconcile themselves to that side of marriage. Better to break an engagement than a man's heart."

A fifty-one-year-old lower middle class widow from London:

"To sow a few 'wild oats' within reason helps him in experience when he gets married, and makes things pleasanter for the wife; and if a woman 'tastes before she buys' there would not be so many broken marriages through incompatibility, or disappointment through couples being unsuitable to one another, as in my own case."

The group who favour intercourse with the betrothed only (reason xxi) are extremely evenly distributed. A twenty-five-year-old betrothed man from Birmingham:

"If the fellow is engaged to the girl and all is on the up and up I think it is an extra bond."

A working class married woman from Yorkshire:

"A girl should not, because I did—with my husband and I've often wished we'd waited. Neither of us ever refers to it and we are very happy in our marriage even so."

A thirty-four-year-old married woman from London, S.E.:

"I did myself, fortunately to the man I really love my husband, I became pregnant. I wish now that we had been sensible and got married first. If my husband hadn't loved me I would have borne an illegitimate child and 'labelled' easy to get. (We had been engaged 2 years when this happened.)"

THE five arguments so far advanced are all concerned with the success of the marriage subsequent to the pre-marital experience. Together they account for nearly two-thirds of the reasons advanced for young men having some experience before marriage, and nearly three-quarters of the arguments for young women. The remaining reasons are concerned with various theoretical views concerning "human-nature" and the effect of sexual intercourse on health and character, none of which is very widely spread; the position of the 3 per cent who would exclude intercourse from pre-marital sexual experience is, however, somewhat ambiguous.

Sexual experience without intercourse is presumably the English equivalent of what the Americans call "heavy petting": and it is probably significant that the advocates for these practices are heavily concentrated in the upper middle class, followed by the lower working class. The upper middle class emphasis follows Kinsey's finding that in the

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U.S.A. this custom is most widespread among the college-educated portion of his sample.

Examples of this attitude are a nineteen-year-old middle class youth from Leicestershire:

> "My answer 'no' stands definite if by 'sexual experience' you mean intercourse. I have no objection to moderate 'pretence' love-making or 'fair-play' kissing."

A working class youth from Reading of the same age:

> "If by sexual experience it means sexual intercourse, this is wrong as I believe that a man should enter marriage 'clean.' I do think there is nothing wrong with 'love making' before marriage provided both parties are sensible about it."

A nineteen-and-a-half-year-old middle class Liverpool girl:

> "Don't know. Can't make up my mind about this but I am shure I would never hate a boy for this as if I loved him I know I should want to as I think Nature is a beautiful thing."

[For young women]

> "Don't know. Again I am uncertain as my boy friend has often asked me often and as I love him very much to me it does not seem wrong It's just that I am afraid as I do not want to hurt my family."

An upper middle class eighteen-year-old youth from Berkhamsted (Herts.):

> "I don't really think a young man should experience actual intercourse before marriage; a certain amount of passionate love-making and possibly homosexuality are not harmful."

THE argument that sexual experience has desirable effects on the character, by making the experienced more mature and more confident or of a broader outlook finds slightly more advocates among the women as far as male experience is concerned; this pattern is reversed (though the numbers are barely half as many) in the case of female experience. This argument is most heavily pressed by the divorced and separated; it is also favoured by the younger groups (especially the under-eighteens) and members of the middle class. The lower working class advance it hardly at all, and the upper middle very little.

A twenty-eight-year-old unmarried man from Mitcham of the lower middle class:

> "It broadens a chaps mind. It has a Psychological effect on a young man, it fetches out the manliness. No woman likes to think that she is going around with an inexperienced overgrown schoolboy."

What might be called the therapeutic attitude to sexual experience—the belief that it will ward off physiological or psychological disturbances if taken regularly—has very few advocates among the English and these are significantly concentrated in the most prosperous groups of the middle and upper middle classes living in big cities. These small groups presumably represent the extent of the impact of diluted psychoanalytic thought and simplified versions of mental health on an English audience; it seems probable that such reasons would be advanced by a far greater portion of the population in the United States.

This viewpoint is typified by a fifty-eight-year-old married working class man from Morecambe and Heysham (Lancs.):

> "Nature cannot be hidden—the natural tendency is ever prominent and perversion can be averted by practical experience with a young woman with the same desires."

[For young women]

> "As above and for both male and female sexual desires are far better eased by intercourse than by personal actions."

The periphrasis employed above occurs with some regularity; an attempt at plainer speaking by a sixty-one-year-old working class man from East Kirby (Notts.) resulted in: "Yes. It's either that or mastication."

Finally there is the group (5 per cent in the case of men, and 2 per cent in the case of women) who consider pre-marital experience "natural" and "normal." I was myself surprised at how small this group turned out to be. This view of human nature is held much more by men than by women, and finds its greatest number of advocates in the lower working class, followed by the working and middle classes. It is advocated very little by the upper-working and lower middle classes; it is a relatively popular idea in the Midlands,

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but is little held in the Southwest, or Northeast and North.

In this review of the reasons given for and against sexual experience before marriage, I have not, except incidentally, paid attention to different respondents' views of the relationship between what is considered appropriate conduct for young men and for young women. In current phraseology the term "double standard" is used for the view that sexual experience before marriage is suitable for one sex (typically and almost universally, men) and not for the other; "single standard" is used when the same rules of conduct are applied to both sexes.

Cross-correlations show that the vast majority of the English population employ a single standard of sexual morality. The only significant exception is that slightly under a third of those who are in favour of pre-marital experience for young men are against such experience for young women, and this is barely 10 per cent of the total population. There is a tiny (and somewhat inexplicable) group of less than one in a hundred who reverse this preference, and would allow experience to the woman but not to the man. For nine English men and women out of ten what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

My impression—for this cannot unfortunately be completely substantiated with the figures at my disposal—is that it is the women who tend to advocate the double standard, whereas the men (albeit often unwillingly) opt for the single standard.

The advocates of the double standard seem to have as their major value their own happiness, or the success of marriage in general. The advocates of the single standard of complete pre-marital chastity for both sexes (and it is worth recalling that this is far and away the most widespread English attitude) presumably have as chief value the categorical imperatives of morality, according to their views. Similarly many of the advocates of the single standard, permitting pre-marital experience to both sexes, seem also to have as their chief value moral considerations, in this case justice or equity, which often override deep-felt attitudes and prejudices. Emotionally, many of the men respondents would prefer a double standard; but since they claim licence for themselves, their sense of justice will not allow them to deny the same licence to others (women). This lively sense of justice seems to me one of the most admirable, as it is also one of the most widespread, of English characteristics; and it seems worthwhile calling attention to it in this context, where it is in patent conflict with another aspect of morality. To use psychoanalytic terminology, this seems to be a situation where superego values are able to override *id* values.

These attitudes become apparent in the answers which men give to the question whether young women should have sexual experience before marriage, when they have already answered positively in the case of young men. This type of answer is fairly stereotyped, and a small selection can stand for the whole group. Typical is a twenty-nine-year-old lower middle class man from West Wickham:

> "It seems unfair to deny to a woman a right which I claim for myself, and yet I know I should be upset to marry a girl other than a virgin."

A lower middle class bachelor from Wallasey, aged twenty-five:

> "I am torn between natural desire to marry a virgin, yet feel selfish if I say 'no' in view of my answer for men."

A twenty-one-year-old bachelor from Halifax, middle class:

> "I am tempted to answer, a young woman should not have sexual experience prior to marriage—but if I agree that men should, then in my opinion it goes equally for both sexes."

A married man "sort of lower-middle-class" from Sheerness (Kent), aged forty-two:

> "I've said 'yes' in the young man's case, so equal rights etc. gives me yes here, yet wishing I could put No."

Besides the hypothesis just advanced that English men tend to place ethical principles first and English women more practical considerations, there is another possible explanation for women giving support to a double standard of pre-marital sexual morality, and

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men to a single one; this is the difference in views which English men and women appear to hold about the nature of women's sexuality. Stated briefly, English men tend to the belief that women's interest in sex is as great as, or greater than, that of men; English women on the contrary consider that the physical aspects of sex mean less to them than to their menfolk.

Among the young, the unmarried, and the more prosperous, especially in the Midlands, there is a belief, held more strongly by men than women, that women's sexual feelings are as strong as, or stronger than, men's; this belief diminishes with marriage, increase in age, or decrease in income. One might hypothesise that thirty years ago there was a fairly widespread belief in the "lesser animality" of women; and secondly that many women find disillusionment, at least on the physical level, in marriage around the age of thirty-five.

A NUMBER of cross-correlations were made in an attempt to discover to what extent the views expressed on sex and love were internally consistent; and secondly to attempt to discover what other characteristics distinguish the minority who depart from the English standards of complete chastity before marriage and complete fidelity thereafter.

On the basis of these correlations, it can be said quite unambiguously that the greatest influence making for pre-marital chastity is the active practice of religion. Correlating the questions about the desirability of pre-marital experience with attendance at religious services, one discovers that there are nearly double the number of advocates for pre-marital experience from those who never go to Church, or only for weddings and funerals, compared with those who go to Church once a month or more often. The figures become even more marked if private devotions, rather than Church-going, are taken as a standard; those who never say private prayers, or only in peril and grief, have more than double the advocates for pre-marital experience, compared with those who pray daily or more frequently. Religion, particularly private religion, appears the strongest bulwark of the austere English sexual morality.

There is also some evidence for the often promulgated belief that the influence of American films tends towards the loosening of the bonds of English morality. It was only a very small group (7 per cent) who said they thought that "English people fall in love the way you see Americans doing it in the films"; but this group are markedly more in favour of pre-marital experience for both sexes.

AN attempt was made, within the limits of cross-correlation, to check a couple of psychological hypotheses. Dr. Kinsey and others have stated that early onset of puberty and high interest in sexual activity are related; so I correlated the question about the importance of sexual love in marriage with the reported age of onset of real interest in the opposite sex. The result is marked and consistent; there is a significant decline in the value given to sex in marriage by those whose interest in the opposite sex developed after the age of sixteen.

A second hypothesis tested was that advanced by psychoanalysts on the relationship between early training in cleanliness and general rigidity of character. The questions about the permissibility of pre-marital experience were correlated with the answers to the question, "When should a young child start being trained to be clean?" The results are an extremely neat confirmation of the hypothesis. In the two ambiguous categories "as early as possible" and "as soon as it can understand," the percentages for and against pre-marital experience are equally balanced. Those who advocate that cleanliness training should start after the child is twelve months old are also markedly permissive about pre-marital experience; those who advocate training from birth or during the first two months of life are more rigid in their attitudes towards sexual experience before marriage. Those who advocate the starting of cleanliness training between the age of two and twelve months are nearly evenly divided, though with a little more permissiveness in those advocating the later start. The English attitudes towards sex fall more fully into focus when the factors involved in the training of an English man or girl are taken into account.

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Chester Kallman

Two Poems from Rome

I. THE CATS OF THE PANTHEON

The open dome lets in the sun
That finds Apollo gone;
The East has driven out the East.
Marble and iron alter what they can:
The cats remain outside. What little
Affluence of nature
Rome allows, she builds upon;
She builds on what she finds, and finds
That what man leaves is nature at the last:
Circus and hedge grow tired
Of themselves and shrines
May tire of their mission
Unless redone in fashion.
Here Rome has not been equal to the task;
Her Lord's defeat is a defeat of taste.
The Roman past lets in the Roman day;
Bernini's elephant carries an obelisk
And looks the other way.

Nothing, not even great indulgences,
Not ours and not our Lord's, nor any choice
Of style to keep the faith defended,
Can make a church out of the Pantheon;
Nor, on the other hand, deduce
An Earth Mother out of the good Queen
Margherita who rests behind a chain
An honorary guard keeps the black marble
clean.
Within this undedicated space,
All judgement is suspended.
Outside, the cats remain.

The dog is man's best friend, but
Who has time for friends when
There are gods to honour and propitiate?
And gods may never die, though overthrown;
And gods, although they abdicate,
Are not permitted to forget.

Of all the jokes the gods can play,
Far the most killing is to make believe
Their precious lives depend
Upon our worship, sacrifice or pity,
And in reward or punishment behave
As it might well be so.
Two, three times a day, and every day,
The cats that live below the modern city
At the foundations of the temple, know
Domestic Rome with sacrificial scraps
Will ease their exile that is perhaps
A temporary condition.

I, with a million million others, made
A god of love; but who, to the very end,
Remains convinced? Yet who would dare
Level the altar, deface the god, or bleed
In expiation on a new command,
The remnant humour of an old obedience?
Patient neglect, dull obedience,
Fanatic tears, confessions, jokes, theology,
Suffice destruction for a while: far,
Far more efficient to trick out
The half-abandoned image in the best
And to bend the knee always, hurrying past,
Locking the heart at home until
The heart, like nature at the last,
Spent on its own survival, hardly knows how
To love or what god to obey.
And love in exile waits outside to kill.

II. THE BROKEN APPOINTMENT: MIDNIGHT

Pairs by the million are going
Home together, or together to part
With steady expectation.
It is a strange place;
They are strangers who pass.
The cats, who have the neighbourhood by heart,
And know by heart their early by its late,
Unmoved indulge their right of rummaging.
An old bitch howls for its wandering
Young from a far older excavation.
Half of a life is spent in waiting.

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Melvin J. Lasky

A Sentimental Traveller in Japan (II)

A NEWS-ITEM in the Japanese press reported that a mass of icebergs, about five miles across and jutting fifteen feet above sea-level, was moving threateningly towards the coastline of Hokkaido. "How good it is to know," said a friend who came down from this northernmost Japanese island, "that we can still enjoy some natural catastrophes. . . ."

Last year some sixty fishing vessels set sail from the little Hokkaido port of Namuro, and nothing was ever heard again of the 400 crew members. Their fate had little to do with icebergs. Four miles away, on Habomai isle, there is a Russian naval base, and twelve miles out on the tip end of the Kuriles there is an air strip for Soviet fighters and bombers. Occasionally, when the inclement weather of the winter freeze discourages naval activities, the fishermen of Nemuro and Wakkanai can hear, over the low-hanging clouds, the roar of jet planes and, as on February 16th, when American Thunderjets and Sabrejets chased off Russian MIG-15's, the chatter of machine-guns. That night Soviet searchlights swept the darkness of the Japanese coastline, hunting for scraps of wreckage—rather superfluously, it would seem, for as the local editor explained: "The secret police in Sakhalin subscribe to our newspaper and they will know soon enough from the headlines what luck they had. . . ."

In Tokyo these same headlines had a very curious editorial aftermath. One newspaper warned the Americans to exercise "discretion"; another appealed to the Yoshida Government for "extra caution." How was it that no one registered the simple thought that the Russians should be requested to desist from violating Japanese territory? "But you do not understand our very special situation," I was told, "the Russians, you see, are only a few miles away. . . ." The theme was not unfamiliar. In Hong Kong, what one does not understand is that it is "a helpless island"; in Burma, that there is, don't you see, a thousand-mile frontier with Communist China; in India, that Moscow and Mao are, after all, "so terribly strong. . . ." How often in the Far East did I think of my adopted home, Berlin, that absurd little half-city behind the Iron Curtain, totally surrounded by Soviet strength, saved only by standing up to realities instead of ignoring or capitulating to them!

The realities of the past are felt to be as annoying as those of the present. Even this year's colourful centennial of America's "opening up" of Japan, when Commodore Perry steamed into Yedo Bay with his awesome "black ships," has an unpleasant aspect when one is prompted to recall that a fortnight later, on the 1st of July 1853, Admiral Poutiatine, with four Russian warships under his command, arrived at Nagasaki. How upsetting of Perry to have said:

"Eastward and southward will America's great rival stretch forth her powers to the coasts of China and Siam, and thus the Saxon and the Cossack will meet once more, in strife or in friendship, on another field. Will it be friendship? I fear not! . . . The antagonistic exponents of freedom and absolutism must thus meet at last. On its issues will depend the freedom or slavery of the world—despotism or rational liberty must be the fate of mankind."

Contemplating this period of the national past, one of the editors of the *Yomiuri Shimbun* could come only to the agitated conclusion that—the "roll-back" policy has always menaced Japan and "there is not much difference between Perry and Dulles."

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"Interi"

TIME and progress are the West's inevitable measuring-rods, and we like to think that Asia is always a decade or a generation or a century "behind." Surely very little has changed, I thought, when I read the travel diary of a 17th century visitor to Tokyo: "The streets and open places of Yedo are so very handsome, so clean and well-kept that it might be imagined no person walked in them. . . . The Japanese are very industrious and expert. They are clever at invention and imitation. Pride, arrogance, and a resolution which is almost carried to ferocity are the distinctive traits of Japanese of all classes." Then one gets caught up in literary discussions on the merits of Zolaesque naturalism, in philosophical controversies over the limitations of Darwin, and the impression overtakes one, "Why, they are only a few years behind. . . ."

This attitude is obviously naïve, and with respect to Japanese intellectual achievement very unfair. It is rather the West which is involved in a time-lag, and we are in our estimate of Nippon cultural trends usually about a half-century behind the facts. Japanese culture for more than a century now has been wrestling with the problems of Western ideas and Eastern traditions. It has had its *avant-garde* and its old guard, its modernists and its traditionalists. Its first period of shocks and confusion has been over for a long time, and it is absurd to keep on seeing only busy little children of the Orient learning to read and write in a strange new tongue.

The intoxication with the West is not a contemporary spiritual phenomenon but an historical one. In 1878 a song was composed for children, the "Civilisation Ball Song," and to the counting of the bounces of the ball there was recited the names of ten worthy and desirable objects—"gas-lamps, steam-engines, horse-carriages, cameras, telegrams, lightning-conductors, newspapers, schools, letter-post, and steamboats." This was the vision of the future, and it soon became a reality; it is the true home, for better or worse, of the Japanese mind today.

The poet may once have inhabited a realm of eternal essences. Today he is a member of a class of skilled intellectual technicians. He belongs to a genuine full-blooded modern "intelligentsia"—the word itself was borrowed from the novels of Dostoevsky and shortened by the Japanese to *interi*—to a remarkable group of critics, sociologists, poets, philosophers, and prophets, who are comparable in every way with their brethren in the literary parlours of the West.

In order to get a sense of "the climate of opinion," I kept myself busy meeting and talking with editors and writers of the great newspapers, editors and publishers of the leading "intellectual monthlies," socialists of the Left and Right factions, students of the Tokyo university, novelists and critics of the various literary societies, representatives of the *Sohyo* Labour Federation, professors, etc.

What one got to hear was staggering and depressing. Each day reinforced the painful awareness that an important section of Japanese intellectual and cultural life was dominated by a vulgar pseudo-Marxism, an "infantile Leftism," to borrow one of their own epithets. I don't suppose I know of any other Western-minded intelligentsia which, as a whole, is so confused on the major issues of international politics, so dogmatic in its sociological conceptions, so dominated by antiquated notions of political economy.

To be sure, there is a very considerable national-conservative body of opinion, in fact the absolute majority of the voting population, which is indifferent to Communist propaganda; there are some newspapers, fair in their treatment of the U.S. and its Atlantic allies, and frank in their reporting on the Soviet Union; there is at least one serious monthly of large circulation (half-a-million), *Bungei Shunju*, which does not lend itself to "infantile Leftism." But these elements in Japan, as one is told on every side, do not enjoy that charismatic quality known as "intellectual prestige." To carry the very name of intellectual means to be left-of-centre.

LET me give a few details. The attempts to get a book like Margarete Buber-Neumann's memoir of her stay in Stalin's and Hitler's concentration camps published in

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Japan ran afoul of the greatest reluctance; the translators told me that no fewer than a dozen publishers have hesitated. One leading magazine asked a writer I know to comment on a Soviet analysis of the Japanese situation which they were going to publish; he was offered four pages, the Moscow manuscript had twenty. Important non-Communist magazines devoted special issues to the "historic occasion" of the Bolshevik 19th Party Congress; but when Louis Fischer, then travelling through Tokyo, offered a critical contribution it was rejected. I myself had an evening engagement with a number of poets and critics, but when a number of copies of *Der Monat*, which I edit, began to circulate the affair was suddenly, at the last minute, called off. My friends had warned me, "Oh, you will find a hostile atmosphere!" and I learned to reply sadly in Japanese, "*Ah so, desuka*. . . ."

What is, of course, more important about this "hostile atmosphere" is that it is holding back the progress which certain elements on the Left, especially in the labour movement and the Right Socialist Party, are slowly making towards a less purely negative domestic and foreign policy. I myself heard from many Japanese leaders the confession that their statements did not reflect their private views on many issues because of the "psychological pressure" of Left sloganeering. The perspective of Japanese participation in regional cooperation with Southeast Asia is clouded by the pro-China infatuation. The organisation of a Japanese defence contribution to Pacific security is clogged by the unwillingness of even large sectors of conservative, pro-Government opinion to get stigmatised by the Left as "warmongering," "Soviet-provoking," "fascistic," "rearmament militarists."

"Since Britain and the U.S. are the greatest expansionists in modern history," writes Professor Kamikawa of the Tokyo University in the February number of *Kaizo*, "they can be said to be the most aggressive nations." "So far as social science shows," writes Professor Shimizu of the Gakushuin University in the June issue of *Sekai*, "the danger of starting a new war rests with the United States rather than with the Soviet Union . . . and there will be no genuine emancipation of Japan without a revolution in America." Small wonder that so many Japanese do not know whether that refugee wave in Germany (it is all so vague, it is all so far away . . .) is going from east to west or west to east!

My reactions may be a bit too pessimistic, but I could not help feeling that at the present time the free world is losing "the battle of ideas" in Japan. The book-stores are one of the crucial arenas of conflict. In Japan there is simply nothing which could counteract the three great intellectual journals of the Left, each with a paid circulation of a hundred thousand readers. From every quarter I heard wailing criticism of the damaging influence these journals have. *Chuo-Koron*, the oldest of the reviews, dating back to the era of Meiji reforms, has an internal editorial situation which prevents any serious deviations from an anti-American "neutralism." *Kaizo*, established in the leftish period of post-World War I, is similarly consistent in line, albeit with regular efforts to maintain "objectivity" by occasionally publishing some still small voice from the other side. *Sekai* is possibly the most vigorous exponent of a crypto-Communist position and it skilfully translates an international army of authors who manage to misinform the reader on every issue from Slansky to Tito, from Bonn to Pankow. Each of these periodicals is fairly prosperous and pays good fees; they have now attached to themselves the main sectors of Japan's vast intellectual proletariat—for even a professor earns only £25 a month.

From talks with several publishers I learned, and this is revealing enough, that Orwell's *Animal Farm* was a flop; Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, which in France, in 1947, helped to mark a dramatic turning-point in French intellectual opinion on Bolshevism, sold less than half of its modest edition. Orwell's *1984* did best with 14,000 sold copies —less than half the sale of I. F. Stone's "true story" of the origins of the Korean war!

The Japanese Centre

THERE is the story, which I have from a Tokyo editor, of one of Yoshida's meetings

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with General MacArthur. The Prime Minister had taken along a sheaf of statistical documents on his Government's activities, but the figures in each ministerial report corresponded to none in any of the others. The General asked him which was the most authoritative, and Yoshida replied: "That's why Japan was defeated. If it could prepare authoritative statistics, history might have gone differently. . . ."

Something along the same lines could be said of the entire political picture in Japan. It is curious, complicated, and contradictory. I was shown gigantic charts which purported to be an illustrated breakdown of the political parties and their principles, the Liberals, the Progressives, the Right and Left Socialists, and an even more intricate breakdown of the factionalism in which all of the political leaders are involved, the warring cliques around Yoshida, Hatoyama, Hirokawa, Shigemitsu, and all the others. I tried to master the main graphic outlines, which reminded me of nothing so much as a primitive table of the chemical elements: everything had a name, a place, and a list of properties, but nothing was predictable. I had wanted to attend the session of the Diet that next day, but I was assured that nothing much would happen. Nothing much did happen, only the beginning of the fall of the government.

It was a most undramatic debate on foreign affairs. An M.P. named Eiichi Nichimura rose to ask why the Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, i.e. Shigeru Yoshida, was so optimistic regarding the future of international relations. Yoshida proceeded to reply by quoting Eisenhower and then Winston Churchill, whereupon Nichimura interrupted: "I want to have the views of the Prime Minister of Japan, not the views of foreigners. . . ." Yoshida simply muttered, "*Bakayaro!*" The following morning, I and everybody else were surprised to learn from the headlines that the cabinet was falling and the government would soon be no more.

Bakayaro is a wonderful, mysterious word. The *Nippon Times* translated it as "idiot," the *Mainichi* varied between "you big fool" and "stupid jackass," others between "don't be too fresh" and "behave yourself." In a language which is not only lacking in blasphemy but does not even have many terms of abuse or revilement, this had to be registered as a violent explosion into profanity. It was a mistake, and a costly one; another national election, the second within six months, cost another half billion yen.

There were some who felt that in the end this might turn out to be all for the good. This was the first time in Japanese parliamentary history that a Prime Minister had been subjected to discipline and censure. In a land where authoritarianism was such a fateful element, might this not strengthen the democratic process? Perhaps. But the oldest member of the House, 94-year-old Yukio Ozaki, who had served twenty-five terms in the Diet, having been successful in every election since 1889, said: "At a time of emergency when we are trying to rebuild our country from its ruins, how unworthy it is to engage in such foolish uproar. . . . It is just a fight between madmen. The people are at fault for following such madness, and the newspapers, too, for inciting it." No other Japanese M.P. was on record as protesting the pettiness of the issue on which national politics had been thrown into turmoil. It was Ozaki himself who best understood how such things happened. In an old book of his, *The Voice of Japanese Democracy*, published in 1918, he made the following penetrating explanation:

"Here in the Orient we have had the conception of a faction, but not of a public party. A political party is an association of people having for its exclusive object the discussion of public affairs of state and the enforcement of their views thereon. But when political parties are transplanted into the East, they at once partake of the nature of factions, pursuing private and personal interests instead of the interests of the State. . . . Besides, the customs and usages of feudal times are so deeply impressed upon the minds of men here that even the idea of political parties, as soon as it enters the brains of our countrymen, germinates and grows according to feudal notions. Such being the case, political parties . . . are really affairs of personal connections and sentiments, the relations between the leaders and members of a

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party being similar to those which subsisted between a feudal lord and his liegemen."

If this is the Japanese political tradition, then the various small cliques led by individual political bosses may well be taken as the contemporary counterpart of the old *samurai-daimyo* relationships. The differences between Yoshida and Hatoyama, a feud which is tearing the Liberal Party apart, and between both and Shigemitsu, the Progressive leader, are less those of political principle than of personal rivalry and the fanatical loyalty of clannish followers. These forces taken together represent the national conservative party of Japan, but there is no unity, nor is there likely to be even a working coalition.

In part this dissension can be read as the conflict between the post-war and pre-war officialdom. The old ranks in both the governmental bureaucracy and the various party apparatuses had been displaced during the seven years of occupation. Hatoyama's return to public life has been a rallying of the old against the new. In Japanese politics there have been, in the past, four constant basic elements: the bureaucrats, the party officials, the business leaders, and the military. The latter has not yet made its reappearance on the national scene, and the businessmen, having only recently recovered their economic independence and political influence, are at the moment playing no political favourites. The coal-mine operators and one group of banks have been financing the Yoshida electoral campaigns; another financial group plus textiles and chemicals have been paying for the Progressives; the saké makers, according to the *Oriental Economist*, have been backing Hirokawa; even the Leftists come in for their share of contribution, with the Japan Air Lines supporting the Right Socialists and the Yawata Iron Works the Left Socialists. The fifth and newest element in Japanese politics has been the post-war rise of organised labour; there are now over five million workers in the various Japanese trade-unions, and their support and money—if not always their votes, which are, as everywhere, not completely controllable by the leadership—have been thrown behind the Socialists.

The scramble for seats in the Japanese Diet, and all the ensuing problems of representative government, cannot exactly be said to have charmed the soul of post-war Japan. In the dissatisfaction and criticism I heard everywhere it was not unusual for someone to say, "Ah so, parliamentary democracy! A fine system, a wonderful way of life—but for you Europeans, for you Anglo-Americans. You see how it works with us. . . ." It took some dialectics on my part to argue that it doesn't really function so very much better anywhere else, not in Rome or Paris or Bonn, not even in Washington or Westminster. It is nowhere a perfect arrangement for managing the affairs of men, but it does happen to be eternally preferable to the only alternative: dictatorship is, if anything, more corrupt, more inefficient, more scandalous, and in the end rather more bloody.

On the whole, if no single party or cabinet is altogether stable, the foundations of post-war Japanese political institutions strike one as being very far from shaky. Legislation freely debated, addresses itself to the basic problems of the country. The parties represent many competing public interests. Elections are freely and fairly conducted. The daily press is large, influential, independent, and critical. The labour movement, for the first time in Japanese history, can play an autonomous role in economic and political affairs. Cultural life has been rid of censorship: radio, theatre, and university are unfettered. In all of these areas, Western and Japanese accents have been curiously mixed,* but the result has been an encouragingly recognisable version of "an open society."

* In the recent elections, for example, a Federal law carefully defined the vast array of permissible campaign activities: the use of petitions and gathering of signatures, participation of minors, house-to-house canvassing, direct solicitation of contributions, etc. But it also specified, in rather absurd detail, the number of postcards and decorative lanterns that a candidate might employ, that he could not broadcast more than three times, advertise in a newspaper more than once, hold more than 60 individual rallies and no more than 40 joint debates. No food under any circumstances could be offered to constituents—an exception was later made for tea and rice-cakes.

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ONE could fill a dozen pages with the similarities and contrasts between the post-war destinies of the two Axis powers, Germany and Japan, and it is a study that one day soon should be made by a competent historian. The ruins were the same, and the return to national power too. The conquerors were stabilising (if irritating) forces, and their occupation reconstructed, reformed, and retreated.

Yoshida, like Konrad Adenauer, is an old man who is new to national politics. Yoshida, too, is accused of being a lone wolf and an old fox. "He is secretive, despotic, undemocratic," I was told by a member of the Diet. "He allows no rivals in his party," a disgruntled Liberal said. A Rightist and a Leftist agreed: "He is making American foreign policy, not Japanese. . . ." "It is too much to carry the portfolios of both the Prime Minister and the Foreign Office," an editor claimed. And then, over and beyond all these, the ceaseless charge that he is a spokesman of the old order and the organiser of the "Restoration."

But the one significant difference I was impressed by was the far more tentative and halting emergence of the so-called "Rightists" in Japan than in Germany. The old wartime fanatics have not, with one single exception, reappeared in public life; and even Col. Tsuji, now a member of the Diet, is more of an adventurer than a representative of the totalitarian militarists. These have remained, willingly, or unwillingly, in the background; they publish (up till now) few best-selling apologias, address no raucous veterans' conventions. One ex-officer only recently protested to a newspaper for having referred to him as "General"—he felt "very strange" to be called that, and did not like it at all for it put him "at a disadvantage" in Japanese social life! This situation is not as unnatural as it first seems, if one considers that public life in Japan, incomparably more than in the *Bundesrepublik*, is filled with persons who had wartime prominence. In Tokyo there was no "denazification" (for there had been no party and party-membership), only a wide-swinging hit-and-miss "purge." Shigemitsu had been the Cabinet Minister whom the Emperor had designated to surrender to MacArthur aboard the *Missouri* on the last day of the war; Hatoyama, after being "depurged," drove out of Sugamo Prison, paid homage at a distance to the Emperor's Palace, and reclaimed his leadership of the Liberal Party; and Yoshida himself had been Tojo's ambassador in China and a leading figure of the old diplomatic corps. But the generals are quiet. The militarists have, as yet, no foothold. The fanatics have still to make their public bid.

Red Flag

FOR "the West," Communism may sometimes appear as a thing of "the East" where the values of the Roman, Christian, Latin civilisation never penetrated. And what does Asia think of Marxian socialism and Leninist Communism? Oh, it is something very white and Western, some unhappy export from that tragic hemisphere of turbulent ideas and restless, pointless human endeavour.

If I was taken by any single political experience in the Far East it was the universalism of the Communist creed. It has apparently a force and an appeal which goes far beyond any of the particularist elements which may have originally inspired and shaped it. What could its impact be if it were, as Toynbee has insisted, a Christian heresy? Yet there is, in Japan, a party and movement which conform in all essentials to the international Communist pattern. Its leaders follow the mould of an Ulbricht and Thorez down to the rostrum gestures. Its followers are caught up in the same utopian-totalitarian complex. Its fellow-travellers mouth the same sentimental confusions as their counterparts in Rome or Paris. And, last but not least, its "renegades," its ex-Communists, have suffered the identical disillusionment as has a whole Western generation of intellectuals coming from cultures and traditions vastly different. Are there, then, no differences, no special Oriental accents? There are indeed. But it would be well for us to understand that tomorrow afternoon when a young student of the Imperial University—or the son of a business man in Osake, or a worker in Kobe—walks into his local book-store, he may find a copy of Marx and Engels' *Communist Manifesto* and Lenin's *State and Revolution*, and then a small light will go on in the

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back of his brain, and he will suddenly have seen the real meaning of history and the true purpose of his own life. . . .

The irony and paradox of the Japanese Communist movement, whose central principle of political activity today is anti-Americanism, is that it became for the first time a legal party on the national scene only as the beneficiary of the democratic revolution which the American conquerors began in 1945. For a long and awful quarter-century the Japanese Communists had been busy with another rival—the *Tokubetsu Koto Keisatsu*, more generally known as the Imperial "Thought Police." These were rather less generous souls, and, if you will, more realistic. (Their final report in September, 1945, said: "Before the outbreak of war between the United States and Russia, the Soviet Union will direct a violent anti-American campaign through the Japanese Communists. . . .") During the era between the two world wars, the revolutionary Left was outlawed, hunted, brutally suppressed. (Democrats were scarcely subjected to more privileged treatment, on the police mind's theory that "Communist thought and liberal thought have a common origin, they do not differ.") Moscow came to have a contempt for the Japanese comrades who were unable to get a foothold in their native land.

In the winter of 1945 the Communist leadership reconstituted itself, for the first time legally, with public headquarters and a daily press. Kynuichi Tokuda, the party's general secretary, and Yoshia Shiga, its leading theoretician, came out of jail; Sanzo Nozaka, the "grand old man" of Japanese Communism, flew in from China, setting foot on Japanese soil for the first time in 16 years. Their bodies may have been hardened by persecution—"tempered like steel," Shiga said, with a nod to the man in the Kremlin—but their minds (or perhaps it was only the momentary party-line) had become softer. Nozaka proclaimed with great bravura his doctrine of "peaceful revolution" and "the lovable party." And so long as the party behaved "lovably" it continued to gain members, fellow-travellers, and voters. Even the deviationists of the past returned, one ex-Trotskyite writing a recantation called "Joyful Return to the Native Home." The membership jumped from something around 5,000 in the year 1946 to over 100,000 in the peak early months of 1950. In the elections of January, 1949, the party received three million votes and sent 35 representatives to the Diet. Then came the great turn. Moscow was impatient. The offensive—which had, in 1948, been characterised in Europe by the putsch in Prague and the blockade in Berlin, in Asia by the "Calcutta Line" which called for uprisings in India, civil war in Burma, and Ho Chi Minh to seize power in Indo-China—was now renewed with a flourish. Nozaka confessed his errors. The notion of "a lovable Communist Party" was ridiculous petty-bourgeois sentimentalism. The idea that the Japanese party was not especially pro-Soviet but "equally friendly towards all democratic friendly nations" smacked dangerously of the Belgrade heresy.

Events moved swiftly. By the spring of 1950, Tokuda and Nozaka had worked out an acceptable new programme. This was no longer, in the phrase of the Bucharest editorial, "an attempt to naturalise Marxism-Leninism in Japanese conditions." Riots and strikes suddenly broke out all over Japan. Americans were attacked and stoned in the streets; "fire-bottle tactics" were resorted to. The Japanese comrades were reactivated only slowly, but the Korean cells—the party practically dominates the political activities of the near-million Korean D.P's still on the islands—bore the brunt of the militancy.

General MacArthur, then beginning his last year as "ruler of Japan," reacted no less quickly. The "peaceful" revolution had become violent, the "lovable" party had become full of hate. On June 6th he "recommended" to the Yoshida Government the removal of the 24 leading Japanese Communists in the party's central-committee. The next day 17 of the top editors of the Communist press, including the daily *Akahata* (Red Flag), were added to the list. Nozaka, Tokuda, Shiga, and all the others fled, and have been working underground, some in Japan, others in Mao's China. The police, this time, have had little success in picking up their trail.

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THE party, today, is still a legal one; it functions publicly under the rather incompetent leadership of the second and third-stringers. Its open propaganda activities continue to be immense, and I counted in one book-store some twenty-three different Communist-inspired publications, including art weeklies, sociological monthlies, popular editions of the works of Stalin and Mao, etc., etc. On this level, persuasion and not power is the party assignment. More than anything else it is devoted to the disruption of the post-occupation alliance between Japan and the United States, to the discrediting of the peace treaty, to the prevention of a Japanese defence force coming into being, to stirring "anti-Americanism" against the U.S. troops stationed in Japan and en route to South Korea. Its domestic objectives are completely subordinated to this programme. It capitalises and seeks to exploit the general fear of war, the reluctance to assume an armaments burden, the eagerness of industry to trade with China. (Some Osaka businessmen even help to finance the party, partly in the hope of profits, partly as "insurance.")

The party's success, compared with its "objective opportunities," has been minimal, and Moscow's recognition of this may have been behind the striking fact that there was no Japanese representation at the 19th Bolshevik Congress. Its chief vote-getting leaders are underground, unable, as before, to convert the Diet into a national forum for propaganda. Its main formulas for demagogic popular appeal have been vetoed, and this is proving suicidal, for when *Akahata* insists that Japan cannot maintain "a neutral position between U.S. and U.S.S.R." it cuts itself off from the considerable body of "Third Force" neutralists with whom they could have, otherwise, effectively joined hands.

On its lower level, the party has built up a rather formidable so-called "second apparatus," a covert para-military organisation. Money? Cadres? Equipment? There is still a very large Soviet diplomatic contingent in Japan and the little boats to the China coasts, to Manchuria, Sakhalin, and the Kurile Islands, do not only carry back opium.

Still, the future of the party in Japan depends less on the Communists, underground or above ground, than on the non-Communists. Neither putsch nor propaganda will succeed—if parliamentary democracy can maintain a modicum of stability, if the Japanese economy can expand peacefully (and cooperatively) in Southeast Asia, and if there can arise in the free world a sense of Pacific as well as Atlantic solidarity.

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REVOLUTION AND THE IDEA OF BEAUTY

"*The idea of the Home—'Home, Sweet Home' —must be destroyed at the same time as the idea of the Street.*" Piet Mondrian.

You can take it from a noisy U.S. Congressman that modern art is subversive. Or you can take it from a philosophical anarchist, Herbert Read, who writes in his *The Philosophy of Modern Art*: "The modern movement in the arts which began to reveal itself in the first decade of the century was fundamentally revolutionary. . . . When I characterise this movement as *fundamentally revolutionary*, I attach a literal meaning to these well-worn words."

The *New York Times*, which hesitates to give the embarrassing label of revolutionary to things now hanging in respectable American homes and museums, recently printed an article demonstrating that abstract and expressionist art was banned in Nazi Germany and is outlawed in the U.S.S.R. If the Nazis and Communists have disapproved of the modernist mode, how can it be radical? But this way of defending modern art is surely a bit sly. The antagonism to modern art of Fascists or Communists does not exonerate it of subversiveness. It could even, perhaps, show just the opposite: that modern art is so subversive it is looked upon as a danger even by "revolutionary" régimes. (Another possible interpretation is that the hostility, which was not evident in the early years of Fascism and Bolshevism, is proof that these movements in time stopped being revolutionary.)

It would seem that what one can say is that modern art is revolutionary, but that this revolution is neither Communist nor Fascist. Indeed, for Sir Herbert it is not political at all, but a case of an individual launching himself into the unknown. In this sense, Cézanne was revolutionary when he thought the artist ought to, as he said, "express his entire personality, great or small." So was Klee when he declared, "I want to be as though newborn, knowing nothing, absolutely nothing about Europe . . . to be almost primitive." Or Mondrian conceiving "healthy and beautiful cities by opposing buildings and empty spaces in an equilibrated way." Who can deny this meaning of "revolutionary" to modern art, with its repeated beginnings and its slogans of The New Order, The New Man, New Realities?

Things would be relatively simple if the Congressman were wrong, and modern art had nothing to do with political revolution; or if Sir Herbert and the Cominform were right, and modern art had nothing to do with Communism. The fact is, however, that in the 20th century the world of art and the world of revolutionary politics, whether of the Right or the Left, have been thoroughly mixed together. It is of some significance, after all, that the same word is at their centre.

And still, the differences between revolution in art and revolution in politics are clearly enormous. For instance, revolution in politics is a matter of choice—one elects to overthrow instead of to reform or sit tight. In contrast, revolution in art lies, not in the will to destroy, but in the revelation of what is already destroyed. Art kills only the dead; and hence revolution, as the artist lives it, is inescapable. In art, the decision to be revolutionary usually counts for very little. The most radical changes have come from personalities who were conservative and even conventional—a powerful recoil from the present threw them backwards, so to speak, into the future. The artist who concerns himself with angels or stained glass windows may produce effects as devastating as the designer of a new cosmos in plexiglass.

God is dead, said Mondrian, therefore we must have Neo-plasticism. "It [pure beauty] is identical with what the past revealed under the name of Divinity and is indispensable if

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we poor humans are to live and find Equilibrium, for things in their natural state are against us and the most external conditions of matter fight us." What is revolutionary about looking for Equilibrium (and in capitals, too!) and a god-substitute? Not the fact that Mondrian wants things to be different from what they used to be—obviously, he doesn't—but that he assserts that these things are no longer alive in nature, society, and art.

Another contrast between art and politics: in politics the opposite of revolutionary is conservative or reactionary; in art the opposite is the Academy, which can adopt any mode, even the most "advanced." Conservatism is *in* the political struggle and it can win victories. The Academy is outside the struggle of art and can only produce commodities. Here again, the artist has no choice but to be revolutionary, unless he wishes to cease being an artist.

THESE are some of the factors which make the sharing of the word "revolution" by art and politics a source of tremendous confusions. Nevertheless, in art, confusion is not necessarily bad. On the contrary, the history of art could be written in terms of the evolution of images arising from misunderstood ideas—of perspective, for instance. Indeed, once the mistakes around an idea are cleared up, and everybody knows how to apply it correctly, the evolution stops and art is finished with the idea. The chaos resulting in the 20th century from the concept of revolutionary art has equalled in fertility the most energetic misunderstandings of the past.

It is not important therefore to try to remove the confusions inherent in the notion of revolutionary art, even if that were possible. It is necessary, however, to expose the fact that there *is* a confusion, especially now that the adulteration of art with politics (and of politics with art) has ceased to be innocent. Today, everyone ought to be aware that revolution in art and revolution in politics are not the same thing, and may even contradict one another. But this awareness is kept under cover for professional reasons. What takes its place is sophisticated impure play upon the ambiguities of the revolutionary position, radical painters being palmed off as respectable (as in The *New York Times* article), philistine work screaming that it is changing the world. The result is an atmosphere of *mauvaise conscience*, or, more simply, of dupery and semi-dupery. Today, the poison of bad conscience about revolution is the specific malady of art.

POLITICAL revolution wants to finish with the past, to "bring history to an end." And indeed there are painters to whom "the next step" in art is the last step in history. ("The creation of a sort of Eden is not impossible if there is but a will"—Mondrian.)

Yet, while announcing the death of society, the political revolutionist does not accept that death as his own. Society's death is lived by those others, the left-overs: aristocrats, bourgeoisie, Jews, gypsies. He, the revolutionist, has raised himself above it through his ideology and his revolutionary will.

In withdrawing from the dying of society, the political revolutionist must renounce experiencing himself as an individual. His ego is, he recognizes, heir to society's morbidity, the symptoms of which—despair, dependence, ecstasy—threaten the performance of his revolutionary role. This ego, steeped in death, he must rigorously negate for the sake of the hero he has conceived himself to be. His decisions must flow, not from his own desires or intuitions, but from "the logic of history," which at every moment determines what the necessary next act shall be. The personal existence of the revolutionist is in the future, of which he is the type.

This revolutionary impersonality is also a tendency in 20th century art. For the painter under the influence of revolutionary politics, the way to paint is determined by the logic of external events: "Since such and such has been done already, it follows that art must. . . ." Mondrian leaves "naturalistic" art behind, and it is up to the revolutionary artist who comes after him to leave Mondrian (or Picasso or Klee, depending on whom he conceives as "last") behind. But not Rubens or Correggio, since Rubens was left behind by other people. It follows that Mondrian is Art, but that Rubens and the others are tombstones in a receding series, being not even anything that can be negated.

This approach to art, which is revolutionary by analogy with political revolution, may be called Millenial Vanguardism. It tends *to thin out* painting more and more, just as revolutionary political ideology tends to thin out

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human history into the crimes of its opponents —until this thinning out of art has gone so far towards intellectual "Equilibrium," which is of course never attained, that it suddenly yields to its opposite, the disorder of everyday life, and begins to make itself useful to things as they are.

But, as has been indicated, Millenialism is not the only kind of revolutionary art, since it is not the part of the artist, even the revolutionary artist, to condemn the world or to save it. Generally, his knowledge of the dying of his society is inseparable from the direct apprehension of himself. In the quality of his own sensibility and passion he discovers what his epoch has lost in nature and in art. And, lacking the optimism of the political revolutionary, he experiences the loss *as loss*. If his civilisation is marching to the tomb, he marches with it arm in arm.

No matter what its conception of revolution is, revolutionary art contradicts it by its hidden dream of permanence and continuity. The same for art criticism: its adoration of revolution cannot silence art's whispers of immortality.

Herbert Read, for instance, is a revolutionary critic. He is in favour of revolutionary art, but he is also for aesthetic values. Can these be reconciled?

On the revolutionary side, what counts for Sir Herbert is a constant turnover of innovations, constant invention. Unless art catches the new by the tail, it is nothing. Thus Sir Herbert finds that art now is in a state of decline: "The work of the younger men is still but the prolonged reverberations of the explosions of thirty or forty years ago. The general effect is diminuendo."

This is the judgement of a partisan of vanguardism rather than of a critic of painting. If you *look* at the work of 1948–53, instead of listening for explosions, you cannot say it is much worse than that of 1913–23. Sir Herbert is quite correct about the decline, except perhaps in America—and here there is still a quarrel as to whether something is actually blowing up or whether the new abstract expressionism or "action painting" is not just a cork that popped out of an old bottle of French wine. But the decline has no clear relation to the æsthetic value of the paintings produced. What have fizzled out are the energy to overthrow and discover, originality, daring, enthusiasm, the tempo of creation, the confident absorption into painting of direct experience and of ideas from other fields.

With the same vitalistic approach, Sir Herbert also opposes that modernist Academicism that seeks a "synthesis" or consolidation of styles based on the earlier revolts and experiments. He refuses to trade in *Mona Lisa's Moustache*, *White on White*, or *Odalisque* for peaceful, prosperous, revolutionary canvases. If modern art is revolutionary art, what good is the piling up of accredited Vanguard Masterpieces? In the absence of the spirit of revolt, daring, search for radical truth, the works of the innovators lose their inner meaning and those built upon them become a farce.

All this is undoubtedly true. Only it is easier to say it than to make sense of it. And it is easier to make sense of it than to make it real. Because the revolutionary position in art implies the renunciation of art criticism, and that far Sir Herbert will not go.

In criticism, the question of the work of art keeps coming up, and what can being-revolutionary tell about a work of art? Only that it is radical, not radical enough, or too radical. If there is to be art criticism, there must be some kind of tradition, and the fact that the only valid tradition of 20th century art is that of overthrowing tradition makes attempts at art criticism intrinsically comical. You get revolutionary traditionalists who lean back conservatively on being revolutionary and even attack anything new on the ground that it is not revolutionary enough.

"My aim," announces Sir Herbert, "has been to represent a consistently revolutionary attitude." This statement itself illustrates the comedy. Is it revolutionary to have a revolutionary attitude? Especially to have such an attitude as one's *aim*? Revolutionists have as their aim, not an attitude, but some specific event or programme; with Cézanne total expression, with Klee re-birth, with Mondrian beautiful cities. These aims are different from one another and cannot be brought together in one "consistent attitude."

Actually, Sir Herbert has taken revolution as a tradition above any particular revolt. The result is an æsthetic that, revolution apart, lets Art with a capital "A" return through the back door. For example, Sir Herbert questions

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whether surrealist painting, being in his opinion so completely revolutionary, "is still art." "We should deny the term 'science' to an activity that refused to recognise the laws of induction; we have the same right to deny the term 'art' to an activity that rejects the laws of harmony."

Harmony! How far is our revolutionist now from the traditional æsthetician? He is saying exactly what was said about Constable and Courbet when they "put Nature ahead of Art." It is what some champions of modernism are saying today about De Kooning's women: the canvases do not obey the laws of Vanguard Art.

If there are "laws of harmony" consistent with revolution, and if Sir Herbert knows them, why cannot modern styles be "consolidated" on the basis of them as the mode of future greatness? Why should Sir Herbert be opposed to a new modernist Academy? Why look back nostalgically to the days of outraged tastes? Why speak of a decline owing to the absence of revolutionary vigour?

Or take Sir Herbert's reaction to Dada. Most of its best products were never seriously intended for art exhibitions. They were "got up" as public events in the cities of Zürich or Paris. They have the same relation to the "laws of harmony" as an actual week has to the laws of eternity. Speaking of Dada, Sir Herbert forgets his "consistently revolutionary attitude" and pushes Dada aside as the "first conscious negation of the æsthetic principle" —which, for one thing, is not quite accurate, and for another is to take Dada at its word rather than as a radical step *in* art. Whether or not Dada was anti-Art or æsthetically cock-eyed, the fact is there is a lot of good Dada art, because Dada itself helped to revolutionise the sensibilities by which art is recognised.

Neither revolutionary art nor revolutionary criticism can get out of it: revolutionary art is a contradiction in terms. Art is still art in being against art. So long as the stability of the emotions, of society, of knowledge is destroyed daily, the life of the art of our times lies in the vitality of this contradiction, and revolutionary art and criticism must embrace its absurdities.

Harold Rosenberg

HOTTENTOT GOD

(What the praying mantis is called in South Africa.)

Square-stanced hind-legs ; body rectangular ;
Colour a broad-bean green-brown ;
Forelegs rigidulous ; a tapering neck ;
Two broad arms, peaked upwardly, angular ;
Head, eye-glittering, a rotund speck :—
Such I discern as I lean down.

Terence Heywood

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Comment

NEUROSES OF THE INDIAN INTELLIGENTSIA

(As a sequel to Arthur Koestler's essay in our last number, "A Guide to Political Neuroses," we here present extracts from a speech by Dr. Sampurnanand, Minister of Home and Labour in the government of Uttar Pradesh, and a leading Indian educator, on "Neuroses of the Indian Intelligentsia." This speech was delivered at Madras, on September 12th, to the 2nd annual conference of the Indian Committe for Cultural Freedom.—Ed.)

To my mind, the first component of the malaise from which the Indian intellectual suffers is utter uncertainty and instability. Political independence has been achieved in an age when the forces of Communism and democracy are drawn up against each other in preparation for a mighty war of extermination and, in between the two, there are any number of warring groups owing allegiance to an infinite variety of shades of pink faith. India is destined to be one of the important battlegrounds of these ideologies and of the men who profess them. His education and upbringing align the young Indian with the protagonists of democracy, but the call of Communism is no less insistent. He is treated every day to tales of the achievements of Communist countries. India frequently sends out good-will missions. These are composed, generally, either of colourless individuals or of persons whose mission in life is to decry India and praise her Communist neighbours. Little wonder he feels increasingly drawn towards Communism, but cannot, at the same time, divest himself wholly of his weakness for democracy.

The economic situation seems to be equally hopeless. Money may be plentiful but purchasing power has shrunk inordinately low. Unemployment stares large numbers in the face and the fatuous resolutions passed by bodies like the Congress Working Committee and the Planning Commission have no message of hope to convey to those sliding helplessly down towards slow death by semi-starvation. The social prospect is no less gloomy. Old bonds are getting loose. The joint family system, for example, is breaking up. The impact of the West has given rise to new ideas, many of which are accepted without analysis. New social legislation is being rushed through, not because there is any pressing demand from a considerable section of the people, but because it is felt that its non-existence on the statute book will brand us as an inferior people in the eyes of the West. But whatever its genesis, it cannot fail to set up painful strains tending to disrupt the even tenor of life. The growing chasm between the physiological and the economic ages of marriage also produces hysteria, melancholia, and a hundred other nervous disorders.

Is it to be wondered at that, buffeted about by so many warring forces, the Indian intellectual's mind is in a state of chronic uncertainty and frustration? He finds it difficult to retain his self-respect or self-confidence, and this generates fear. The only way in which he can retain some shred of sanity is to avoid facing facts, to avoid thinking, to engage in some kind of activity all the time. A person who feels that he has not been treated fairly by society cannot be blamed if he finds satisfaction in activities that give him a sense of meting out well-deserved retribution. No one wants deliberately to injure the interests of his own country, but we have only to listen to the terms in which large sections of our intellectuals discuss schemes sponsored by the government: it almost appears that they take a malicious pleasure if such schemes go awry, even if such failure spells a costly loss to the nation.

Such a frame of mind is not wholesome. Honest doubt is certainly better than half the creeds, and there is a place in society even for the cynic, but the prospect of a whole nation,

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or what comes to the same thing, its intellectual élite, turning cynic cannot be contemplated with equanimity. The best efforts at nation-building will founder on this rock.

THERE is nothing abnormal about the trials and tribulations through which India is passing. Any country, similarly placed, might have to face them during the period of transition. What makes our burden appear so heavy is that we are not spiritually equipped to bear it. There is no faith and no object of faith. Along with the breaking up of our social and economic fabric, old values are also losing their hold and new ones have not replaced them. Religion has become a mummery and old traditions, taking the memory back through a thousand years of the nation's history, embodying its hopes and aspirations, its ideals and its experiences, are being brushed aside with a contemptuous shrug. Spiritual vacuity has become almost a badge of intellectual superiority.

The fault does not lie with the younger members of the intelligentsia. They are the victims of a strange conspiracy. The blame must be put squarely on other shoulders.

There are the universities, for instance. Whatever their achievements in the purely intellectual field—and I do not belittle them—they have failed us miserably on what might be called the cultural front. There has been no effort, so far as I am aware, to initiate a new movement of thought—to work for the shaping of a new culture, a new religion if you will, which shall conserve all that is best in the old, assimilate all that is good in the new, and present a framework within which the soul of the nation, anchored firmly to its spiritual moorings, shall find the fullest opportunity for self-expression and expansion. The universities do not seem to be aware of this obligation to society. There are some courses in Indian culture and sociology in some of them, but they might as well be courses in Sumerian culture or the culture of pre-Montezuma Peru. There is no attempt to link up the past with the present and make it a living stepping-stone to the future. The subjects comprised under the various faculties of arts and sciences are taught with more or less efficiency and there is some attempt at carrying on research as well, but there is no attempt to coordinate knowledge, no effort to look to the needs of the whole man, no conscious search for means to develop the full personality, to create a balanced individual. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the atmosphere of our universities is charged with cynicism and irreverence.

There is another source which has failed us in this hour of need. . . . The man who knew the Indian people intimately because his heart-strings beat in unison with theirs, who could speak in a language pulsating through and through with our traditions and age-long ideals, is no more. He was cruelly snatched away from us. The leadership that remains is not attuned to the Indian mind. There is a vast cultural chasm that separates it from the masses. The customs, the songs, the folk-tales, that appeal to the multitude repel the national leadership. It is one thing to tolerate, as one tolerates the play-acting of children, the foibles of one's unenlightened countrymen, it is another to enter into their spirit. . . . It is true, everyone speaks of Indian culture, claiming that no one other than himself understands what the word means. We patronise Ustads and send Indian singers and dancers abroad to carry the message of Indian culture to far-off lands. But our appreciation of these things is purely intellectual, if it exists at all. There is no real effort to develop dance and music, as it has been developing all through the ages, because it does not really appeal to our leadership. The same is true of literature. The men who go abroad carry with them only the corpse of a dead tradition, much as one might take along with him some of the stones and pieces of terra-cotta, reminiscent of an art that died a thousand years ago.

RADHAKRISHNAN tours the world and speaks to it about the Vedantic conception of life and everyone of us swears by the Mahatma and his message. But all this is more or less for foreign consumption. It has little effect on life at home. Our Constitution has no doubt its great points: it has, one may admit, the virtues inherent in all the constitutions upon which it has drawn so liberally, but it has a singular individuality of its own in one respect: one will search it in vain for the faintest trace of Vedanta or Gandhism—the two are really not antagonistic conceptions—or any other ideological basis. There is no suggestion that its authors had the faintest idea of what the goal of life and endeavour should

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be. It is not possible, therefore, so far as the Constitution is concerned, to give any direction to life. . . .

True, there is the concept of the Welfare State. It is, unfortunately, too prosaic. An ideal should be something that lifts a man above himself, that is really impersonal. The Welfare State cannot be impersonal, because one expects to share in the welfare. Men, as a rule, do not sacrifice themselves for such a thing. Food and clothes and houses, roads and hospitals and schools, are all good things, but they are such obvious expansions in degree of the necessary, but humdrum, details of everyday life that it is difficult for them to assume that air of holiness which an ideal must possess. . . .

There is another concept that is often put forward as a crowning triumph of our statesmanship, the concept of the Secular State. I can only say that the main idea behind this term is as old as Indian history. The empires of Asoka, of the Guptas, and of Akbar were secular in all essentials. The ruler professed a religion which was also patronised by the state, but the sole criterion for appointment to places of trust and responsibility was talent. It would be sheer presumption to say that Britain is not a secular state in the real sense of the term because it has a state religion. In India, however, the bugbear of communalism has made secularism almost synonymous with anti-religion. In any case, all reference to Hinduism is looked upon with suspicion. We talk about Indian culture and refer to its composite nature. This is perfectly correct, but at the same time we cannot forget that the main current of this culture, fed by a hundred tributaries as it has been, started on its humanising mission when the first Vedic Rishi chanted his Sama on the banks of the Saraswati. . . .

We who are looked upon as the leaders of the people speak to them in a language borrowed from the West, because we know no other. There is, moreover, the fear, groundless but nonetheless potent, that to speak our native tongue, rich in associations gathered in forty centuries of usage, is to open the flood-gates to Hindu communalism. The result is what might have been expected.

The young intellectual who takes his cue from us has learnt from us just enough to despise what comes from the past. Religion is to him a silly mumbo-jumbo and the intellectual life of those days a record of superstitions and extortionate priest-craft. But the mind cannot feed on distrust and contempt alone: we have not given him anything positive to fill the void we have thus thoughtlessly created. This is his malady. He cannot get much enlightenment from abroad, because, it seems, the West is itself in a state of ideological flux. The old *laissez-faire* is crumbling in the realm of the spirit, no less than in the field of economics. . . . Without a definite conception of the goal of human endeavour, even the quest for knowledge becomes a dangerous weapon. One can see before one's eyes how the most powerful nations, in which there has been the fullest opportunity for intellectual development, are hurtling down the path that will lead to the destruction of civilisation, if not of the human race itself. The West, therefore, which is itself in the grip of a tremendous nervous strain, is not in a position to guide anyone to mental balance.

We have to set our house in order ourselves. Our leadership must take an active part in shaping the cultural life of the people. This is the only way to lift the Indian intellectual out of the abyss of pessimism, frustration, cynicism and utter lack of faith in which he finds himself at present. . . .

Dr. Sampurnanand

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Communications

RUSSIA AFTER STALIN

SIR— . . . Mr. Mark Alexander, in his criticism of my book, *Russia After Stalin* (ENCOUNTER, October, 1953), condemns my whole analysis of the situation in Russia at the end of the Stalin era. He claims that I have produced nothing but an "able apologia for Stalinism." My thinking is "full of contradictions" and of an "almost incredible naïveté." I "reveal a very high-handed attitude towards the facts." I am "influenced by Stalinism"; and my attitude towards the Malenkov régime reminds him of the illusions with which Herzen welcomed, in 1855, the accession of Alexander II, illusions about which Lenin spoke "with repugnance" even fifty years later.

Let us begin with the last point which is indeed crucial for the argument. It is moving to see how wholeheartedly your reviewer shares Lenin's alleged repugnance for Herzen, the illusionist. Herzen did in fact welcome the young Alexander II, expecting that he would emancipate the Russian peasantry from serfdom. So did the more radical Chernishevsky. So did *all* the leaders of Russian liberal, radical, and revolutionary opinion.

Were they all so wrong in this expectation? This is not a matter of opinion but of historical fact. It was indeed Alexander II, and nobody else, that abolished serfdom in Russia (and in Russian-dominated Poland). The Russian peasants ceased to be chattel-slaves, not by any act of "revolution from below," but by "reform from above," decreed by a Tsar in whom the serf-owning nobility had seen the defender of its privileges. Your reviewer may hate any "reform from above" decreed by Stalin's successors; he may cherish a tender belief in "revolution from below" only; but he cannot conjure out of existence the fact that the greatest social upheaval of pre-revolutionary Russia was initiated by the Tsar's reform from above.

True enough, that reform soon gave rise to bitter disillusionment. It was half-hearted; it did not destroy the social predominance of the landowning nobility; and it left the peasantry burdened with heavy debts. All the same, the reform of 1861 was the most progressive phenomenon in 19th century Russia. The fact that the Tsar was its initiator was no accident. The nation as a whole was incapable of any revolutionary initiative from below. Yet serfdom had to be abolished, because it had come into irreconcilable conflict with the needs of the nation. Since it could not be abolished from below, it was abolished from above. But the method of its abolition created new problems and gave rise to a new struggle over the landlords' estates, a struggle resolved only in 1917.

Readers not familiar with these facts could hardly have guessed from my critic's article how well founded up to a point were the hopes Herzen placed in Alexander II. I should feel very happy indeed if any hopes which I am said to place on Stalin's successors (or on Malenkov) were to prove similarly well-founded. Despite Lenin's alleged "repugnance" for Herzen's illusions, I would not feel offended by the comparison. But I am not at all sure that this will be the case.

Nor could your readers possibly guess, unless they had read my book, that it was not your reviewer's original idea to raise this point about Herzen's hopes and illusions. This point occupies a central place in my book; but to this your reviewer did not even allude. Some practical jokers or tricksters pull a handkerchief out of your pocket and then offer it to you for sale. Your reviewer seems a practical joker of a somewhat different kind: he pulled a handkerchief out of my pocket and tried to make of it a stick with which to beat me. Will he, please, put back the handkerchief where it belongs?

I have had very good reasons to devote quite a few pages of my book to the problem of Alexander II and Herzen. I see a *limited* analogy between 1953 and 1855. I have argued that now as then the Russian people is incapable of political initiative, of independent action, let alone "revolution from below." Does your reviewer deny this? He may say that the Russians are incapable of such action because they live under a totalitarian régime. It is possible, of course, to argue about cause and effect. Do not the Russians live under a totalitarian régime precisely because they have been incapable of independent

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political action? Whatever the answer, the fact remains that they cannot change their régime from below.

I have further tried to show that as in 1855 so now Russia is fraught with change. The needs of her development are in conflict with the Stalinist method of government and way of life. Your reviewer may label me an apologist for Stalinism. (During well over a quarter of a century of political and literary activity I have managed to assemble quite a collection of labels: I have already been "an apologist for fascism," "an apologist for social-fascism," "a spokesman for British big business," "a spokesman for Wall Street," etc. I shall cheerfully add your reviewer's label to my collection, for in these days it is almost an honour to be labelled *by some people* an apologist for Stalinism.) But does your reviewer maintain that Stalinism is not in conflict with the needs of Soviet society? Or does he think that those needs have and can have no influence on Soviet political development? If the first is true, then he pays to Stalinism a moral tribute far in excess of any "apologetics" he may attribute to me. If the second, his thinking is so infantile, so hopelessly marred by the *infantile disease of ex-Communism*, as to be beyond all discussion.

I have further argued that since the Stalin régime is in conflict with the needs of Russia and since it cannot be changed from below, "reform from above" may create the way out of the impasse. This is the crux of the analogy between 1855 and 1953. I have devoted quite a few cautionary pages to the dangers inherent in this situation. (Incidentally, as a rule I speak about "reform," not "revolution" from above, but your reviewer confuses these terms.) While I have no doubt that a reformist trend is stirring in Russia, I also argue that reform from above can be only half-hearted and self-contradictory. And in this context I recall again Herzen's disillusionment and I say explicitly that similar disillusionment may be in store for us. Even in those concluding passages of my book, where I throw off my scepticism or pessimism about the prospects and give myself to ordinary human hope, I still remark that democratic regeneration in Russia at best "looms only dimly on a distant horizon." Of all this—not a hint in Mr. Alexander's review.

This alone should be enough to expose his critical method. There is not a paragraph in his essay which does not contain a crude distortion of my view, distortion by commission or omission. "Why should the Soviet people be more mature in 1953 than in 1933?" asks your reviewer and answers on my behalf: "Well, says Mr. Deutscher, they produce six times as much coal and five times as much steel and many millions have been taught to read and to write and to handle modern machinery. *O sancta simplicitas!*" Yes, indeed, what a simplicity! My critic does not even mention that while I devote one chapter to Soviet industrialisation and urbanisation (which indeed I regard as very important developments), I devote another full chapter to "The Moral Climate," in which I analyse the specific symptoms of a moral crisis in Russia. But not a word is said about that analysis either, for in it my crude historical materialism appears somewhat less crude than it suits my critic.

Or take the following specimen of Mr. Alexander's logic, accuracy, and art of controversy:

> Mr. Deutscher is influenced more by Stalinism than he himself probably realises, and I mean Stalinism, not Marxism. He believes (as the Trotskyists did in the 1930's) that both economically and ideologically the Soviet régime is sound, and that what is needed is a "limited change" in the form of a revolution from above—a typical Stalinist concept. ("Only reform decreed from above can force a way out of the impasse into which Stalinism finally landed itself"—*only*!)

Thus, I am influenced by Stalinism because I believe what the . . . Trotskyists believed; and the latter held that the Soviet régime was sound even ideologically; and what the Trotskyists held is a "*typical* Stalinist concept"! And it is supposedly also typical of Stalinism to speak of "the impasse into which Stalinism landed itself."

Sir, within the space you have allotted me—your hospitality has, naturally, its well-defined limits—I cannot put right Mr. Alexander's other distortions. I would have to write a much longer article to do that. An old Eastern European proverb says that when a mischievous fool throws a stone into your garden ten wise men have to work hard to remove it. I may not have removed the stone from my garden, but I have perhaps sufficiently shown up the hand that has thrown it.

I hope, Sir, that you will excuse my complete frankness. I have found encouragement for it in your editorial statement that ENCOUNTER aims "not at the slurring over of differences of opinion but rather at the uninhibited exploration of them."

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

[Mr. Alexander replies:—First, for matters of fact: Lenin's condemnation of Herzen's wishful thinking, in the authenticity of which Mr. Deutscher apparently disbelieves, is contained in one of Lenin's better known articles ("To the Memory of Herzen":

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Collected Works, 4th ed., vol. 18, p. 12). As for the historical parallel between Herzen's hopes and those which have flourished since Stalin's death, I am sorry to inform Mr. Deutscher that many writers, including this reviewer, used it in published articles sometime before his book appeared. The parallel is indeed so obvious that Mr. Deutscher's attempt to "copyright" Herzen should perhaps not be taken altogether seriously.

Mr. Deutscher says that "all leaders of Russian liberal, radical, and revolutionary opinion" welcomed the young Alexander II. This assertion is quite wrong, though it has interesting topical undertones. Even liberals like Milyutin and Kavelin were sceptical about the new Tsar in 1855–6, as their letters show, and some of the more radical were openly hostile. Herzen's articles in *Kolokol* provoked such comment as: "However pure your convictions, I am sure that you will soon come to regret your submissiveness to the august throne. Alexander II will soon show the teeth of Nikolai. . . . Our situation is intolerable and nothing but the axe will liberate us. . . ." One might only hope that Mr. Deutscher will not argue, in a few years, that "all the leaders of liberal and radical opinion welcomed Stalin's successor."

I have a faint suspicion, however, that Mr. Deutscher's anger is not really directed against the present reviewer, but against Messrs. Malenkov and Khrushchev who are not acting in accordance with Mr. Deutscher's predictions. Readers of Mr. Deutscher's book will see in his present letter a second retreat from the optimistic view taken by him originally about the future of democracy and socialism in Russia. (The first retreat was an article in *The Times* of London after Beria's fall, and added as a postscript to editions of his book outside England.) It was only last April that Mr. Deutscher wrote about "the coming epoch which may thus bring with it a breath-taking reversal of the process by which the Soviet democracy of the early days of the revolution was transformed into an autocracy." Six months later, Mr. Deutscher has quite understandably forgotten about his "breath-taking reversal," but he is as yet reluctant to modify his basic approach. He still believes that the economic needs of the people make progressive liberalisation and democratisation somehow imperative if not inevitable. He still assumes that limited economic change from above must somehow cause a corresponding political change. This economic determinism makes it impossible for him to understand the mechanism of the totalitarian state. It prevents him from realising that there could be "half-hearted reform" from above under Alexander II, but that there cannot be such reform in a totalitarian régime, except within the very narrow limits in which the material and political interests of the pillars of totalitarian society are not directly concerned. After all, there could be almost unfettered intellectual discussion in Tsarist Russia's zemstvos, and at a later date there could emerge political parties. The alternative for a totalitarian régime is: either—or. Developments in Russia since Stalin's death have shown this clearly: after some initial vacillations during the first weeks, which were most probably a concomitant of the struggle for power within the Politburo, Stalinism in all its essentials has been preserved, with or without the name. The new "N.E.P." in Soviet agriculture, the "new look" in Soviet foreign policy (which, alas, as these lines are written, appears already to be replaced by the old look), the liquidation of some of the more senseless and harmful extravagances of the late Generalissimo, such as his arrest of the Jewish physicians—all these quantitative changes in Soviet politics (to use the official jargon) do not amount to any qualitative change.

Mr. Deutscher ought to be aware that it is a somewhat risky undertaking to voice personal charges against a person one does not know. The present reviewer is definitely younger than Mr. Deutscher: he has to admit freely his guilt on this count, though the difference is perhaps not large enough to warrant the accusation of infantility. However, to the charge of suffering from the "infantile-disease-of-ex-Communism," he must plead not guilty, never having belonged to that party. This might be a blot on his biography, but it cannot be changed any more at this late date.

MARK ALEXANDER]

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BOOKS

TRANSLATION AND TRADITION

IT WAS a happy thought to collect these translations,* most of which have for years been hard to obtain. Here are the Cavalcanti poems, the Arnaut Daniel, *The Seafarer*, the Chinese poems, the Noh plays, and, for good measure, some *pensées* of Remy de Gourmont written just before his death. I am sorry that the editors have decided against including *Homage to Sextus Propertius*. Technically, of course, they are right—it is not a translation—but the time has passed when anyone would attempt to read it as such, and, since it was not included in the *Selected Poems*, it would have been nice to have it available again.

Though the translation of poetry from one tongue into another is, as everybody knows, impossible, for the poetic unity of sensibility, diction, and rhythm cannot be taken apart and reassembled in exactly the same way in the new language, nevertheless the influence of such translations on poets has probably been greater than the influence of translations of prose works upon prose writers, and in those periods when English poetry, for example, seemed to have arrived at an impasse, it was always translation that came to the rescue. So it was when the original Anglo-Saxon poetic tradition broke down, so it was at the beginning of the 16th century when linguistic changes had destroyed the Chaucerian prosody and the allegorical habit of thinking had gone stale, and so it was in the late 17th century when dramatic blank verse and the emotional conventions associated with it collapsed.

Translation can have various kinds of effect. Sometimes, as in Chaucer's translation of *Le Romaunt de la Rose*, it introduces both a new kind of sensibility, the Allegory of Love, and a new rhythm, the strict octo-syllabic couplet. Sometimes, as in Dryden's translations from the classics, it is the means whereby the poet discovers and develops the full possibilities of a verse medium, the heroic couplet, which he already has in his own tongue, when it is the very difference of this medium from the original which is the fruitful challenge.

Pound began his translations in just such another period of uncertainty. The Romantic conception of poetry and of the self was ceasing to seem adequate, and the prosodic convention based on the iamb and the anapæst had been brought to a pitch of virtuosity by Tennyson and Swinburne beyond which no development seemed possible. It was the latter which was first realised to be a problem, and by the late 1870's poets were seeking a solution, Hopkins in "sprung rhythm," Bridges in the theories of Spedding and Stone about classical metres (people who find his poetic personality unsympathetic should not let this blind them to the great rhythmical interest of Bridges' later work), and Doughty was conducting a heroic but doomed one-man campaign to restore the diction of Spenser.

THE importance of Pound's translations of Cavalcanti lies in their rhythmical novelty. The sensibility expressed in the poems, the cult of *Amor* and *La Donna gentile*, is nothing new—indeed, its vulgar corruption in cheap fiction has made it unusable—while the diction of the translations is embarrassingly pre-Raphaelite, quaint and diffuse, the very opposite of the directness of the Italian. Thus:

Io vidi donne con la donna mia:
Non che niuna mi sembrasse donna;
Ma simigliavan sol la sua ombria (Ballata. II)

(I saw ladies with my lady,/not that any

* *The Translations of Ezra Pound.* With an introduction by HUGH KENNER. Faber and Faber. 30s.

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seemed to me a lady,/but they resembled her shadow)

becomes

Fair women I saw passing where she passed;
And none among them women to my vision;
But were like nothing save her shadow cast

and

E poi mj conta sj d'amore il vero (Sonnetto II)
(and then told me such of the true love)

becomes

With such deep parlance of love's verities.

But Pound had set himself one task, that of reproducing in English the cadence of the Italian hendecasyllabic in general, and of Cavalcanti's in particular, a cadence which does not correspond to the five foot iambic line of the normal English sonnet, and to achieve this, he was bound, given the nature of the two languages, to sacrifice the diction. What a refreshing shock it must have been for a reader in 1910 to come across such lines as

Who is she that comes, making turn every man's eye
And making the air to tremble with a bright clearnesse
That leadeth with her Love, in such nearness
No man may proffer of speech more than a sigh?

Ah God, what she is like when her owne eye turneth, is
Fit for Amor to speake, for I can not at all;
Such is her modesty, I would call
Every woman else but a useless uneasiness.
(Sonnet VII)

for he was hearing cadences which had not been heard in English poetry since Wyatt, e.g.

Wherewith love to the hart's forèst he fleeth
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do? when my master feareth,
But in the field with him to live and die,
For good is the life ending faithfully.

and Wyatt, it will be remembered, was still appearing in the Oxford Book of English Verse in a prosodically doctored version. It is only fair to say that, in Wyatt's case, these cadences were more the accidental effect of uncertainty than consciously intended, and that Spenser's prosodic reforms were necessary, but by Pound's time the situation was quite different, and the music of his Cavalcanti translations could suggest all kinds of new and exciting possibilities for English poetry. Here was a seed which was to bear as fruit such a movement as that of the lines in *Little Gidding*, beginning

In the uncertain hour before the morning

Similarly, it might be said of his translation of *The Seafarer* that its effect was to make the spondee respectable in English verse, and of his Arnaut Daniel translations that they delivered complicated verse forms from their unfortunate association, thanks to French verse and the poets of the nineties, with elegant tea-table trifling. (I have tried to find a use for the triolet that was not indecent, but in vain.)

THE influence of Pound's Chinese translations and—for he must share the honours—of Arthur Waley's, on the other hand, has been due, not to their form but to their revelation of a new kind of poetic sensibility. The average reader cannot know what relation the forms and rhythms of these English poems have to their Chinese originals—I suspect none—but he can easily imagine with what delight a young poet, who was tired of the prolixity and moralising of 19th century poetry, tired of its methods of poetic organisation, tired of its conception of the poetic subject, yet unable to see what to put in their place, would pounce on such a poem as the following:

The Dai horse neighs against the bleak wind of Etsu,
The birds of Etsu have no love for En, in the north,
Emotion is born out of habit.
Yesterday we went out of the Wild-Goose gate,
To-day from the Dragon-Pen.
Surprised. Desert turmoil. Sea sun.
Flying snow bewilders the barbarian heaven.

Lice swarm like ants over our accoutrements.
Mind and spirit drive on the feathery banners.
Hard fight gets no reward.
Loyalty is hard to explain.
Who will be sorry for General Rishogu,
the swift moving,
Whose white head is lost for this province?

The dramatic conventions of a culture, like its music, seem to resist transplantation or grafting much more than its poetry or its painting. Pound's translation of the Noh plays are fascinating to read, and some of them, e.g.

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Intercultural Publications brings the work of American writers to readers of other countries in the pages of *Perspectives,* the international quarterly of contemporary American arts and letters, which is published in English, French, German, and Italian editions for world-wide distribution. But this is only one part of Intercultural's activities. Equally important is the presentation of the cultural achievement of other lands to English-speaking readers. This phase of the exchange is being carried out in a series of special supplements to *The Atlantic Monthly.*

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Nishikigi, very beautiful, but I am not convinced, despite Yeats' efforts, that they can contribute much to our spoken drama, to opera libretti, perhaps.

As for the Remy de Gourmont, I am a push-over for *pensées* even when they are second-rate, as most of these are; there are, however, at least five really good ones, e.g.

The greater number of skeptics whom I have known were of the type in fashion in the eighteenth century, who if it thundered while they were eating ham-omelette on Good Friday would hurl the plate through the window, saying: "What a fuss about a mere omelette!"

All in all a very good thirty shillings' worth. Mr. Pound has every right to say that he has done the State of Letters some service and that they, or at least some of them, know it.

W. H. Auden

THE UPROOTED

THERE have been many recent signs of a shift in the direction of American historical thinking away from the excessively environmental point of view of the "frontier" schools and towards a more humanistic one. Professor Handlin's much discussed work,* of which it is very pleasant to be able to welcome an English edition, should accentuate this new tendency. Professor Handlin's concern is to look at the history of the 19th and early 20th century immigration into the United States, not so much in terms of the immigrants' impact on America, as in terms of the immigrants' own experiences, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. The book, though intended for a wide public and written with no apparatus of footnotes, is based upon long research by the author himself into the materials of the subject, particularly the very rich local newspaper materials, and of course upon the work of other scholars. The contributions of the latter have been notoriously unevenly distributed. No one has dealt in such detail with the assimilation into American ways of another European people as has Theodore Blegen with the Norwegians; and the pioneer work of W. I. Thomas and Florian Znaniecki on the *Polish Peasant in Europe and America* has not been paralleled in the same detail for the other Eastern European groups. Much more appears to have been done on the Germans than on the Irish; and the emigration from Britain itself has hitherto been least studied of all. It is therefore understandable that this should be a work of challenging generalisation rather than a definitive study of one of the vastest subjects that confronts the historian of the modern world. Some of the generalisations will no doubt be challenged, and others put to the test of further detailed research on particular emigrant groups so that, like all important books of the kind, Professor Handlin's has both a past and a future.

The first chapter discusses the European background of the peasant emigration which is seen as the uprooting of individuals or families from communities bound together by ties of mutual help, and living according to the dictates of immemorial custom. I am inclined to think that, in order to heighten the contrast with the loneliness and rootlessness of the emigrant, Professor Handlin somewhat exaggerates the stability and continuity of European village life. European history too has been one of movement, particularly in the Eastern half of the Continent, which provided the bulk of the emigrants of the later decades of Professor Handlin's story. The re-peopling of the Hungarian plain after the expulsion of the Turks was so vast a movement that historians have compared 18th century Hungary to America. The history of Russia, again, is one of continuous international colonisation, and the same phenomenon on a similar scale can be found in Prussia and elsewhere. Without wishing to minimise the magnitude of the impact of the sudden growth in Europe's population after 1750, and of the repercussions of Western industrialism, it is nevertheless true that the

* *The Uprooted.* By OSCAR HANDLIN. Watts. 15s.

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DEREK VERSCHOYLE

continuity of village life was in part something read back by the immigrants themselves into their previous experience. By comparison with the long journey to the ports and the crossing of the Atlantic into a new world, it is of course arguable that European village society was stable, but movement and consequent change were the experience of many who did not make the transition to America. No doubt Professor Handlin is right in stressing the pressure on the land as the main cause of immigration, but one would like to know more as to the source of the initiative which was required for so fundamental a break.

In dealing with the organisation of emigration to America and particularly with that of sea transport, Professor Handlin is running over fairly familiar material, but there is reason to believe that a closer examination of official records, and of the records of the shipping companies concerned, will to some extent modify the picture of misery and exploitation which the immigrant sources, as used by Professor Handlin, tend to convey. That there were horrors on the immigrant ships in the first half of the 19th century is undoubted, but the worst cases should not be taken as typical of the whole movement; and work that is now being done in this direction must be brought to a conclusion before the whole intricate mechanism can be fully portrayed. It is interesting to reflect also what a very big business the transport of immigrants came to be in the later period; and the efforts of German governments to use the country's central geographical position to force emigrants from other countries to use its own shipping lines is a not unimportant episode in the Anglo-German mercantile rivalry of the period before the First World War. It was not only on the American side of the Atlantic that politics came into the story.

Professor Handlin devotes relatively little space to the most fundamental economic question, that of the original employment in America of the unskilled peasant immigrants, and of their subsequent differentiation into the more and less fortunate ones. The importance of the construction industries, particularly canal and railway building, in relation to the former point, and of small businesses in relation to the latter, is well brought out, as are the reasons for the failure of most, though not all, immigrant groups to settle themselves again on

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the land in large numbers. Even so, there is clearly a good deal of work to be done on the regional history of the movement before the contrast between the fortunes of national groups can be adequately accounted for. Professor Handlin is more interested in and more interesting on the psychological effect which this adaptation to a totally different economic system had on the immigrant. To use the terminology of David Riesman, how does the "tradition-directed" European peasant come to acquire the "inner-directed" psychology of the typical 19th century American, ready to see himself as a competitive individual seeking his own goals in a highly competitive society with few rules to guide him? To some extent the answer lies, as Professor Handlin shows, in the renewal on American soil, or the creation there, of institutions which evoked new community feeling in place of that which had been lost by severance of ties with the ancestral village. The most important of these were the churches, and Professor Handlin examines in this context the effect upon American ecclesiastical organisation, with particular reference to the Roman Catholics, of the international divisions among the immigrants, and their consequently different attitudes to some of the problems of church life. He also touches upon the importance of instruments of secular culture such as the foreign-language press. What emerges is that persons whose community sense in Europe had really hardly extended outside the village boundaries now interposed between themselves and the wider American world newly created sentiments of nationality based upon language and religion, which they felt for the first time in their American environment, and which translated itself eventually in most cases into political sympathy with the same national group in its European homeland. Out of this rather complicated process was born that combination of repulsion from and attraction towards Europe which has ever since been a dominant feature of the attitude of the American electorate towards foreign affairs.

Some of the influences of the new situation worked in favour of the perpetuation of such narrower non-American loyalties. In particular the city-dwelling immigrants, who were the majority, tended to find themselves concentrated into particular neighbourhoods, suffering from the same inadequate housing

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conditions and crowded together indeed in a common misery. Although Professor Handlin lends no countenance to the belief held by contemporaries that these immigrant groups were less law-abiding than "native Americans," it is clear that they were to some extent cut off from society, and that their ancestral memories of oppression reinforced their hostile impression of all that had to do with the state. Against this inward-looking tendency Americanisation waged war, with the school as its principal weapon. The fight for the soul of the immigrant in the schoolroom is perhaps the most dramatic element in the whole story, and since economic advance depended upon accepting the teachings of the school, its victory was inevitable. Against it, all the barriers of community institutions could only hold out for a time.

Furthermore, as the immigrants acquired some kind of feeling for their new situation and for what could be done to bring them out of their misery, they began to feel the pull of the second great American weapon, the political system. Easy naturalisation and manhood suffrage meant that, for politicians, immigrants had other uses than the mere exploitation of their muscles for the purpose of taming the continent. This story again has usually been told as part explanation of the American political system and of the rise of the "boss." But from the point of view of the immigrant it was through this system that alleviation of his lot could be sought; and the giving and taking of benefits was a two-sided affair. Professor Handlin shows indeed how the reformers of municipal and state governments in the late 19th and early 20th centuries tended to misunderstand the attitude of their constituents. The immigrants did not want economy in city administration, nor were they concerned to clear up corruption. They wanted employment, and representatives who would act as an intermediary between themselves and the complicated and difficult mechanisms of urban and industrial society; and they did not object to paying something for such services.

Out of circumstances so complex, and influences so conflicting, there grew inevitably the perpetual conflict of the generations. The older people, particularly the women perhaps, found it impossible to replace by anything in American life the customary occupations and skills that had made up their life at

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home. The younger people were increasingly attracted by the greater openings that American society provided, or appeared to provide, and since they now spoke a different language their distance from their parents was increased. The parents could not but hope that the children would make a success of life in the new country, but this success itself was one of the greatest menaces to the unity of the family group.

Professor Handlin does not carry this story forward past the imposition of legislative barriers to immigration, when the impediments on massive further recruitment from Europe to the immigrant communities helped to accelerate their assimilation into the mainstream of American life. He does not therefore pursue the psychological transformation, to use Mr. Riesman's language again, from the "inner-directed" American of the past to the "other-directed" American of today, whose outlook is responsive to the demands made upon him by his own age-group, rather than to the pattern of conduct imprinted upon him by training at the hands of the older generation. Nor again, on the political side, does Professor Handlin investigate the effect of the New Deal period in assisting many immigrant groups to rise in whole or in part to middle-class status, and hence in bringing out among them a more conservative attitude to politics. This story, whose significance was first called attention to by Mr. Samuel Lubell's book *The Future of American Politics*, is perhaps as portentous as anything that has gone before it, and deserves consideration as a pendant to the immigrant story. Again, a full story of the immigrant groups and their history might enable one to test Mr. Lubell's much questioned thesis to the effect that American isolationism has been to a very great extent a product of the particular attitudes of such groups as the German Americans, rather than a response to the geographical remoteness from Europe of the Mississippi valley and the Great Lakes.

Finally, in his relatively brief chapter on the history of restrictions on immigration, and of anti-immigrant movements back to the "Know-Nothings" of the 1850's, Professor Handlin does not altogether explain the effect of this upon the present American scene. Does the present insistence upon "Americanism" and apparent fear of all such external influences as can be classified under the heading of "Communism" mean that the American nation is

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now thought of as a single corporate body which only needs to expel certain alien particles; or does the very shrillness of the assault upon "un-American" ideas indicate a profound uneasiness as to the stability and strength of the amalgam that has been created? In other words, is American society to be viewed still as a hierarchy of national religious groups from the White Protestant Anglo-Saxon at the top to the Negro at the bottom, or is the belief in religious neutrality, and uniform schooling in a single language, producing a society with no barriers other than the economic to interrupt its fluidity? What is the effect of the redistribution of population, both between regions and out of the centre of cities into the suburbs, having upon pre-existing social stratifications? There is, it would seem, a point at which it becomes unreal to break off the history of immigration with the establishment of the immigrant family in its first American home, and in which the process becomes a continuous one. The European pre-history and the American contemporaneity of such families is all part of the same development, and the distinction between European history and American history is as unreal as attempts to draw a line between the economic and political problems of Europe and America today.

From Professor Handlin's conclusions, it would seem clear that he does not himself altogether share either these misgivings or this point of view. He believes that restrictionism and assimilation are bringing the story to an end. He believes that the immigrants and their descendants have accomplished the psychological transition from a uniform and stable society to a varied and moving one; that they have acquired the values of individualism to replace the values of a tradition from which they have been forced to break away. These individual or individualistic values are the classical American ones of freedom and self-reliance, and these are regarded by Professor Handlin as being the norm of human existence in the modern world. Even if one finds this optimism not altogether convincing, and the contrasts at the end of the book over-heightened, as I believe they are to some extent at the beginning, it nevertheless remains true that Professor Handlin has made an outstanding contribution to that understanding of America which is one of the most obvious tasks the European and Asian of today has to face.

Max Beloff

MAHLER, SCHOENBERG, BRITTEN

ERWIN STEIN grew up in Vienna during the period of Mahler's conductorship at the Imperial Opera in the first decade of this century; he became one of the earliest pupils of Schoenberg, and since settling in England in 1938 has been closely associated with the music of Benjamin Britten. This collection of essays * is mainly concerned with these three personalities, and the author has written a new essay on each to complement his previously published material. The reprinted articles cover a range of thirty years; about half of them were originally written in German and appeared in two Viennese periodicals during the twenties. These have been ably translated by Hans Keller.

The difficulty with all collections of reprinted essays of this kind is that of avoiding overlapping and confusion. This has been met to some extent by concentrating on three major figures, but even so this book will be more valuable for the incidental information it contains than as a considered summary of an epoch in music. It would indeed have been interesting if Mr. Stein had given us a coherent first-hand account of the musical developments with which he has been personally connected; but that must wait for another book.

The new essay on Mahler, with which the

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book opens, is useful in that it gives a factual description of all Mahler's symphonies (except the ninth, which is discussed in a separate essay); this is particularly welcome in the case of the fifth, sixth, and seventh symphonies, which are rarely, if ever, performed in England in their entirety. The essay on the ninth symphony is of even greater practical value, for it is a discussion of the correct tempi to be adopted in the performance of the work; Mr. Stein has considerable conducting experience and indeed edited a Viennese periodical designed for conductors. This means that he is able to discuss questions like Mahler's rescorings of the Schumann symphonies, and, later in the book, the performance of Schoenberg's works, from a practical as well as a theoretical point of view—a rare virtue for a writer on music!

Mahler is still rather underrated in England, though interest in him has been growing during the last ten years; Schoenberg even now is hardly appreciated as a *composer* at all, except in very limited circles, though he is widely discussed as a theorist and an "influence." Mr. Stein's account of Schoenberg's earlier years (up to 1914) should help to redress the balance by showing how Schoenberg's innovations essentially arose out of *musical* ideas; indeed in these years Schoenberg had no "system" and simply set down what occurred to him, often with startling results. But the most important essay in this section is that entitled "New Formal Principles"; it first appeared in 1924, at the very moment when Schoenberg was evolving the twelve-note technique, and it was in fact the first account of the genesis of this method, which has acquired such far-reaching importance in recent years. This is shown with examples from Schoenberg's Five Piano Pieces, Op. 23, and the Serenade, Op. 24; these are transitional works in which the new method appears in various modified forms—one piece is entirely derived from a five-note phrase, another from one of fourteen notes—and it is fascinating to watch the twelve-note method actually in process of growth, as it were. The account given here is a further indication that this method developed quite spontaneously as a result of purely musical processes, and was not something conceived *a priori* and then imposed on the music from outside.

This essay ends with a brief account of

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BATCHWORTH

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Schoenberg's Suite for Piano, Op. 25—his first completely twelve-note work; this is supplemented by a short article on Schoenberg's twelve-note series (1926), but Mr. Stein does not give us any account of the developments which twelve-note music has undergone since those days. This is a pity, for it would have been interesting to hear the views of one who was in at the birth on the very varied modifications which the twelve-note method has undergone in the last thirty years, both in the hands of Schoenberg himself and his direct pupils, and also in those of the younger composers who have adopted the method independently.

However, the Schoenbergian section of the book contains some interesting marginalia. The essay on "The Treatment of the Speaking Voice in *Pierrot Lunaire*" will be of great practical assistance to all would-be interpreters of this difficult part; on the vexed question of how far the speaker should attempt to reproduce the musical notation of the voice part, Mr. Stein says firmly: "Though shown in absolute pitch notation, the intervals are only meant to be relative. . . . The reciter is therefore free not only to transpose his part according to the type of his speaking voice and regardless of the other instruments, but also to narrow down his intervals so as to accommodate them within his individual (speaking) compass and tessitura." This corresponds to the method used in a performance of the work which was recorded in America under the composer's direction; in his later works Schoenberg normally wrote the speaking part on three lines without a clef, and did not attempt to give it a normal musical notation, except as regards rhythm.

Mr. Stein was a contemporary of Webern and Berg in his studies with Schoenberg, and the book includes an obituary notice of Webern and articles on Berg's *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*. He writes sympathetically of Webern, and effectively points out the characteristics of his very individual style. This article dates from 1946; the paragraph referring to Webern's war-time works (which had not reached England at that time) could now be brought up to date—both the First and the Second Cantatas have since been broadcast by the B.B.C. The *Wozzeck* article, written at the time of the first Covent Garden production, is a good general introduction to the work: that on *Lulu* is only a brief notice which one would like to see expanded.

THE last five articles, covering about a third of the book, are concerned with Britten; they deal with *Peter Grimes*, *Albert Herring*, *Billy Budd*, and the symphonies, and the book ends with a new essay called "Britten Seen Against His English Background." It is interesting that a musician of foreign birth who had spent so much of his life in close connection with music of a very different type should have been attracted by that of Britten—and some of the younger English critics have followed Mr. Stein's lead in their admiration for both Schoenberg and Britten. He puts it in this way: "It may well be that people will still struggle with some of Schoenberg's music when they already enjoy Britten's as a safe 'classical' possession. . . . Britten can hardly be blamed for not continuing Schoenberg's methods, as little as C. P. E. Bach for not following up his father's style. The *Art of Fugue* and the *Composition with Twelve Notes* are both culminations of musical artistry, achievements of a strict musical order, which need not be congenial to every composer. Creative imagination creates its own kind of expression and its own type of craftsmanship." But the parallel between Bach and Schoenberg is not a very exact one; Bach represented the culmination of the age of polyphonic music, and also marked the transition between this kind of music and the more homophonic style which followed it; but he was not essentially an innovator—it was his sons who really developed the new style which was to lead to the works of Haydn and Mozart. Schoenberg, however, like Beethoven, left music very different from what he found it; both mark, not the end, but the beginning of an age, and were revolutionaries in the true sense of the word. Britten may not wish to make use of all Schoenberg's discoveries; in fact, Mr. Stein illustrates the difference in method between the two in his final essay, with reference to a chord in *Billy Budd*. "The piled-up triads, of which the chord consists, include at first nine different notes; later, at the opera's dramatic climax, there are eleven. . . . Finally the twelfth note, C, mightily enters in the bass and makes the 'atonal' twelve-note chord function as dominant of the following piece in C minor. We have here in a nutshell

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the fundamental difference between Schoenberg's and Britten's harmonic conceptions. The chord with the highest possible tension which, indeed, did not exist before Schoenberg, and which by its structure bears no relation to any key, is made by Britten to function in a strictly tonal sense." Exactly; but does not this imply that Britten is here taking elements from Schoenberg's style and combining them with tonal elements derived from the music of the past, rather than, like C. P. E. Bach, paving the way for a new musical style altogether? Of course it is possible that the music of the future may reject Schoenberg's discoveries in favour of a return to diatonicism—perhaps indeed a new form of diatonicism—but at present the general tendency seems to be in the opposite direction.

The discussions of Britten's operas and symphonies are well carried out and clearly written; the essays on *Billy Budd* and the symphonies will be familiar to readers of the recently published *Benjamin Britten: a Commentary on his works from a Group of Specialists.* The new essay is mainly concerned with Britten's settings of English words—though it is curious that an article entitled "Britten Seen Against His English Background" should mention no other English composer except Purcell. It would have been interesting to hear Mr. Stein's views on other English composers' approach to the setting of English poetry and prose. Some of his feelings on the subject would appear to be expressed in the final paragraph of the essay: "English is richer in inflections of rhythm and colour than any other language I know—and I would not dare to assert the same of English music. The fact that Britten has for many years concentrated on vocal music and chosen English subjects for his operas (with the only exception of *Lucretia*) is indicative of the responsibility he feels for his language. I do not mean to preach musical chauvinism, but I am sure English composers could contribute more to the world of music than they have done so far. The musical qualities of the language hold out promises whose fulfilment has only begun." I feel that this is less than fair to the many first-class vocal and choral works written by a large number of British composers from Vaughan Williams downwards; and as for opera, one can hardly blame the British composer for feeling some frustration when men of the calibre of Tippett and Berkeley have still unperformed operas in their portfolios, and when not one of the four operas which won Arts Council awards in connection with the Festival of Britain has yet been seen on the English stage.

It is an only too common error to criticise a book for not doing what it has not set out to do, and one must emphatically welcome Mr. Stein's book for the very valuable information and critical discussion which it does contain. Taken all in all, it throws a good deal of light on certain aspects of the music of the last fifty years, and Mr. Stein has wisely restricted himself to those subjects on which he can speak as an expert. However, a further book, which would relate Mr. Stein's own experiences and thoughts to the general history of the music of our time in a more or less connected manner, would be both welcome and interesting, and we must hope that he can be persuaded to write it before very long.

Humphrey Searle

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• "The Hymn of the Soul" is a non-Christian, Gnostic hymn, preserved in the apocryphal *Acts of Thomas*. ARTHUR WALEY writes: "It exists in a Syriac and in a Greek version. From the Greek version (and from translations made from the Greek version) it would be difficult to recognise that it is a song or poem at all. I have translated from the Syriac; but my knowledge of this language is only slight and I am much indebted to the translation of W. Wright, *Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles* (1871)."

• DR. SAMPURNANAND'S forthright speech was made to the 2nd Annual Conference of the Indian Committee for Cultural Freedom. A correspondent in Madras, who was also kind enough to secure for us the text of Dr. Sampurnanand's speech, has sent us a report of the conference, from which we quote:

"Perhaps India is too young a nation to be aware of the custom which decrees that public addresses by government officials should never venture beyond the platitudinous. Though this makes for an occasional diplomatic *contre-temps*, one hopes the practice will endure: it lends an air of earnestness to public discourse that encourages people actually to listen to what is being said, and speakers actually to think about what they say. In addition to Dr. Sampurnanand's provocative address, the conference heard one from Mr. C. Rajagopalachai (popularly known as 'Rajaji'), the former Governor-General of India and now Premier of Madras. Instead of enunciating clichés on liberty, 'Rajaji' denounced them. He particularly criticised the idolatry of 'the people' as a substitute for concrete moral values, and spoke of—what is so frequently forgotten—the need for order if liberty is to survive. The indispensable framework of civilised living, he declared, is the 'pattern of joyous restraints accepted by (the people),' and he went on to say after quoting extensively from the Upanishads: 'Every culture is based on and bound up with the sense of beauty. The culture of Rome was developed round the sense of order and law. The culture of India is built round the central idea of self-control.'

"In a way, it was 'Rajaji's' reference to the Upanishads that were most intriguing, for it pointed to a profound current of feeling that, again and again, rose to the surface of the conference: the 'search for roots,' for *enracinement*. Other themes were, of course, given expression, especially the need to counteract the innumerable illusions about totalitarianism and Communism which are still sovereign in many areas of Indian cultural life. However, if the messages of goodwill which the conference received, and the presence of leading Indian figures were any indication, considerable progress has already been made in this direction. After the destruction of illusions, there comes the need for affirmation and positive faith. In giving expression to this need, and in seeking for modes of satisfying it, the Committee has moved into the very centre of modern India's anxieties: how to be, at one and the same time, authentically Indian and authentically modern —i.e., 'Western.'"

• *Into the Dangerous World*, the autobiography of WOODROW WYATT, Labour M.P. for Birmingham, was published earlier this year by George Weidenfeld and Nicolson Ltd. G. F. HUDSON, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and expert on Far Eastern affairs, has supplied us with no such convenient source for information about himself; but those who would like to read a more detailed exposition of Mr. Hudson's views can find it in *Questions of East and West*, recently published by Odhams.

• HAROLD ROSENBERG, poet, painter, and critic of the arts, lives in New York City. His essays have appeared in such American periodicals as *Partisan Review* and *Commentary*, as well as in Jean-Paul Sartre's *Les Temps Modernes* He is at present working on another article for ENCOUNTER, about which we know only the title: "American Poetry and French Silence."

• CHESTER KALLMAN is a young American poet, of whom Theodore Roethke writes, in an essay called "Five American Poets" published by *New World Writing*: "An accomplished librettist, Mr. Kallman has a varied, flexible technique. . . . His *Elegy*, published in a small edition by the Tibor de Nagy Gallery (1951) is one of the readable longer poems of our time." Chester Kallman collaborated with W. H. Auden on the libretto of Igor Stravinsky's recent opera, *The Rake's Progress*.

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